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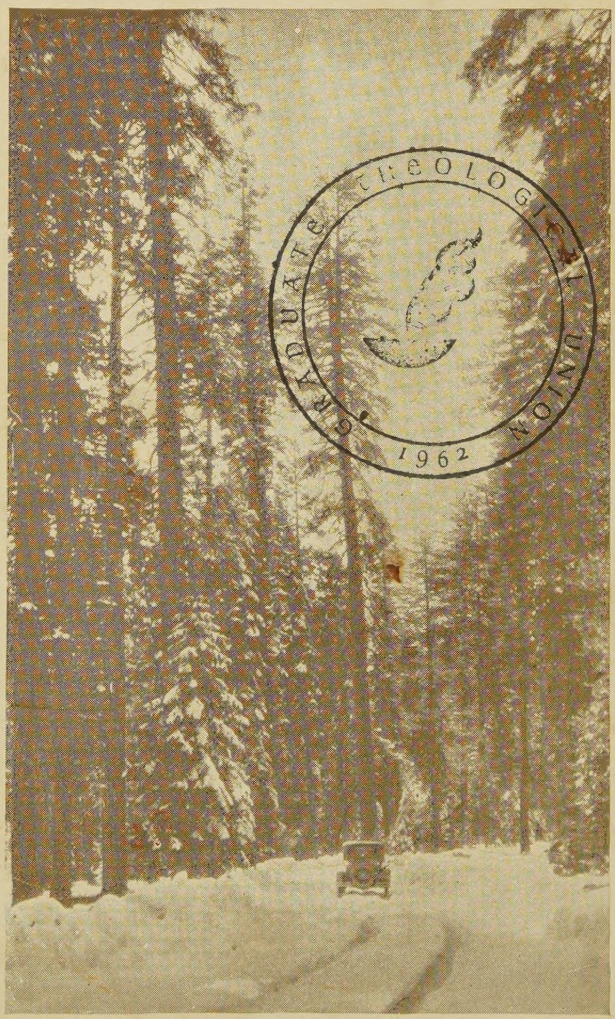

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 January, 1932 No. 1

CONTENTS

Portrait of Charles W. Nibley ..... Frontispiece
Fame ..... Maud Chegwidden 1
President Charles W. Nibley: An Appreciation ..... Dr. Richard R. Lyman 3
Portrait of Rosannah Cannon 6
Pioneer Woman (Prize Poem) ..... Rosannah Cannon 7
Family Case Work ..... Elizabeth McMechen 8
Free Will ..... Eunice Jacobsen Miles 10
Some Trends in Rural Life of Interest to Social Workers ..... Joseph A. Geddes 11
Gnarled Hands ..... Edith A. Anderson 16
The Social Worker in the Unemployment Emergency ..... Annie D. Palmer 17
By My Fruits ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 19
Portrait of Dorothea Lynde Dix 20
Dorothea Lynde Dix, Patron Saint of the Insane ..... Arthur Lawton Beeley 21
Not Asylums, But Homes ..... Amy W. Evans 26
A Changed Attitude ..... Inez B. Allred 29
A Social Service Institute ..... Lalene H. Hart 33
Members of the Social Service Institute (Portrait) 34
A Night for Births ..... Helen Kimball Orgill 36
Louise ..... Annie D. Palmer 39
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 43
Notes to the Field 44
Notes from the Field 45
Conventions and Conferences 46
Editorial—Farewell and Welcome 47
President Charles W. Nibley 48
Dr. Robert H. Bradford 49
A Record-Breaker 49
Do Not Waste Time 49
Lesson Department 50
Mrs. Ida V. Lister and Her Nine Daughters (Portrait) 65
Innocent Sufferers ..... Emma Mosheer 66
For the New Year ..... Georgiana Angell Millett 67

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Humor

A young Irishman, shortly after coming to this country, was stopping with a friend of his boyhood now living in New York. One day the friend took him down to have a look at Washington Market. Passing a fruit-stand, they saw some grapefruit, which the new arrival's friend said were oranges.

"My, my," said the other, "but they're big fellows! I'll engage you it wouldn't take many of *them* to make a dozen."

"Where is your new flat?"

"On Whitney Street."

"But won't the trollcy cars bother you?"

"The land lord says they won't bother us after the first few nights, and you know we can spend the first few nights at mother's."

A butcher of this town tells of a young woman who came into his shop the other day and addressed him thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the butcher. "There are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well," continued the young woman, "if you're sure they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them."

One evening a little boy entered a grocery-store and handed the clerk a note which read: "I am a poor woman and have no money. My children and I are starving. Won't you give us something to eat?"

The kind-hearted clerk filled a large basket with food and gave it to the boy, who quickly departed.

In a few minutes he again entered the store.

"What's the trouble now?" said the clerk.

"Mama sent me back to get the trading stamps," the lad replied.

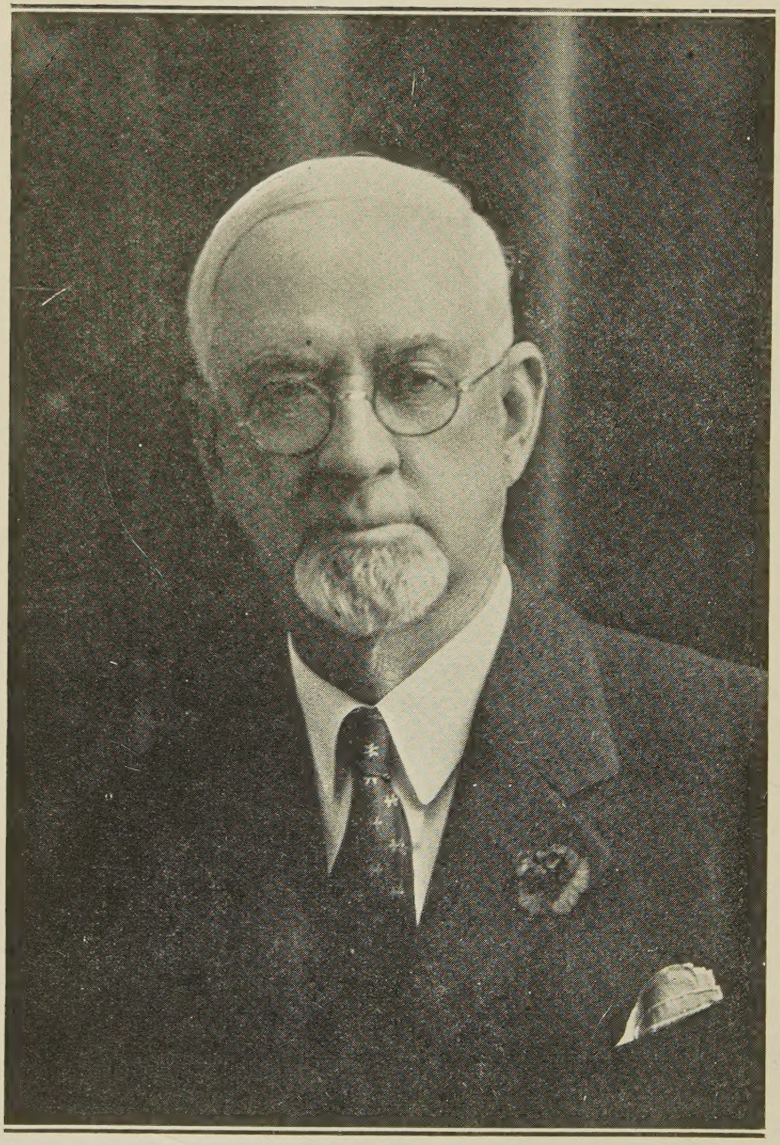
Fame

An Epigram

By Maud Chegwidden

A poet spilt his soul in song
  And died for lack of food.
The critics, who had sneered so long,
  Then saw his work was good.

The nation raised a monument
  And graved his praise thereon.
Thus he, whose life was vainly spent
  For bread, received a stone!



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY

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VOL. XIX JANUARY, 1932 No. 1

President Charles W. Nibley An Appreciation

By Dr. Richard R. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve

THE fairy tales we tell our children are hardly more romantic, marvelous or miraculous than the life story of President Charles W. Nibley. It portrays his rise from poverty to affluence, from a humble station to positions of honor, dignity and trust. Born in poverty, the son of a Scotch coal miner, Charles W. Nibley learned early in his life the lessons of frugality, industry and the value of money. These lessons contributed greatly to the phenomenal success of his later life. In his public addresses, thrift, the habit of saving, the wise use of time and money were among his favorite themes.

The faith, the integrity, the industry and the sterling worth of his mother were the chief inspiration of Charles W. Nibley. To him she was ideal. She and he, mother and son, were held together by bonds of affection and mutual esteem. During the whole of the eighty-two years of his unusual career, this distinguished civic leader, business man and high Church official could hardly mention his mother's name without shedding tears. Her religious temperament, her spirituality and her early instructions created in his young heart a faith, a knowledge and a burning testimony of the divinity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which glowed in his soul unceasingly with such intensity that his life was lived in accord with the divine admonition: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Her industry and her capacity for work, her devotion to duty and her honesty of purpose inspired in him all of these admirable qualities. Very naturally, in those early pioneer days, there was in her life little time for play. She devoted herself earnestly and continuously to work, to prayer and to other serious things. While her life was one of continuous struggle, and devoid of comforts, her reward was rich indeed when compared with that which comes to those who seek only self-gratification and the passing pleasures of the moment. What greater reward can come to any woman than to be the mother of such a son?

As a man of affairs, Charles W. Nibley had few equals. We stand amazed at what he accomplished in the midst of rather ordinary surroundings. His was a fine intellect, his was a discriminating and accurate mind.

As an organizer he was a master. It was this ability that made successful so many of his big undertakings. He never did himself what he could have others do. He placed responsibility on his subordinates and held them for results. Nor did he expect too much of his associates. He secured from them not only hearty but affectionate support because his practice was to look for something in them or their work to commend rather than for something with which to find fault. Thus this master organizer found time to devote his own unusual abilities to major rather than to minor matters.

In all fields of his endeavor his mental power, his insight, his sagacity and good judgment carried him ever on and on from one success to another. He excelled as business man, merchant, railroad operator and manager, statesman, and Church leader.

His success in the broad field of his activities was exceeded only by his unbounded generosity. Sharing his fortune with others was one of his greatest pleasures. Having felt the pangs of hunger he had deep and genuine sympathy for all who were poor or unfortunate. No cry for food or clothing ever reached his ear unheeded. The needy never appealed to him in vain. His large and generous gifts to the Church in addition to the payment of his regular dues and contributions and his magnificent gift to his city mark him, I think, as being peerless in liberality among his fellow churchmen and fellow citizens of Utah.

This great man had a personality unusual, remarkable, and charming, resulting from the combination of a fine physical make-up, a keen intellect, good emotional balance, and a sane outlook on life and its problems. He had a magnetic attraction for both old and young. While he had admirable dignity there was in him a natural affection that drew people to him. He had good poise; he was free from complexes. His genial spirit and his understanding heart drew admiration and affection from those who knew him.

We often think of men who are great in business as more or less cold toward the members of their own family. President Nibley, however, had as one of his outstanding characteristics, love, devotion, and generosity both as husband and father. His affection for his family was exceeded only by his faith and his devotion to Divine Providence. To his wives and children he was generous perhaps to a fault. All that he had and all that he enjoyed he wanted them also to have and enjoy. He was never happier than when surrounded by the members of his family. Making these happy gave him delight. He had his most enjoyable recreation at his family reunions. When surrounded by those dear to him by family ties he would relax and indulge in humor, in pleasantries, in fun-making to the great satisfaction of the members of his household. The humor, the wit, the repartee of his children on these happy occasions aroused pride and pleasure in his heart. On all such occasions it was also expected that the talented father would bring forth cheer, joy and admiration, not only with his keen native wit and spontaneous Scotch humor but with recitals of poetry, with stories of romance and with family and Church reminiscences.

And while these reunions were frequent Charles W. Nibley never let such an occasion go by without expressing to the members of his family his love for his Church, his devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He endeavored to impress upon the members of his household

that a testimony of the Gospel, of the divinity of the message of the Prophet Joseph Smith is the greatest gift of God to man. For their father, his children, every one, had genuine admiration. By them his greatness and ability were recognized and admired.

In large degree, the unselfishness, sympathy and generosity of this good man were enjoyed also by his friends. From them he received respect, admiration and affection because to them he was ever faithful, true, logical, and dependable. His devotion to a friend was unchanged and unchangeable. In his actions and conclusions he was guided by exalted and clear-cut standards, principles, and ideals. Vacillation to him was unknown. His explanation of the reason why a favor could not be granted and his expression of regret were so effective as to make disappointment easy to bear. His own feelings were so sensitive, were so fine, and his imagination so keen, that he could understand what disappointment and suffering meant to others. He spoke no unkind words. He seldom if ever showed a feeling of anger. His great heart was sad if others were sad.

The unusual powers of this man were the gift of God. He was born with a marvelous intellect. No other evidence of this is needed than that as a barefoot boy he studied, read, learned, loved, and understood Shakespeare as few college graduates understand the writings of this great literary genius.

His life on earth is finished. When will come again such another? I shall never forget the picture of his casket as it rested in the beautiful home of one of his daughters just before the lid was closed the last time. He has two living wives, and seventeen living sons and daughters, fifty-one grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. The two wives, all but one of his children, their married companions and many of the grandchildren were standing by to take a last look at that face which nearly always wore a smile, at those lips whose practice through eighty-two years of life was to speak words of wisdom, cheer and affection. As I looked at that great group standing about that open casket the words uppermost in my mind were: "A King."

In eighty-two years he created a fortune, a family, a kingdom of his own. As I gazed with admiration I thought to myself, these descendants can have as their guiding star, as their ideal, no more exalted example than the life, the labor, the faithfulness, the honor, the sobriety, the nobility of their distinguished ancestor, Charles W. Nibley. This family is a rich reward for that honest-hearted, religious man and wife who, away back in Scotland, recognized the voice of the Good Shepherd in the words which were uttered by humble missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. These fine Scotch folk were baptized almost immediately after hearing the Gospel. They devoted themselves for years to acquiring means enough to bring them to New Jersey. There they toiled on until they had saved sufficient to bring them to Utah. Their burdens were heavy, their responsibilities great, but greatest of all is their reward.

ROSANNAH CANNON

Pioneer Woman

By Rosannah Cannon

Awarded first prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

She did not own to feeling fear, she knew
No tears of hers could check the wish that grew
So slowly, yet so steadily in him—
That fever to advance, to reach the rim
Of western hills, to sink his battered plow
Into unbroken soil. She sensed that now
Even the pain of childbirth must not stand
Between him and the conquering of land.

What agony the thought of leaving cost,
How utterly alone she felt, how lost,
He never knew * * * nor heard her in the night
Beside him softly weeping. She was right;
Nothing could quell this strange uneasy thing.
Her part was trusting him * * * and following.

Family Case Work

By Elizabeth McMechen

THE spirit of neighborliness has sweetened life for thousands throughout all generations. It has taken various forms and modes according to the exigencies of the hour. It has been sometimes wise and sometimes foolish, sometimes understanding and sometimes unaware, which is the varied way of human thought and action—but always it has been prompted by love, and by the necessity which some people feel to share with others the gifts with which they have been endowed.

In the years 1930 and 1931, this spirit of neighborliness has stood the acid test of sacrifice entailed in sharing with one's neighbor the too crowded home, the too frugal board, the slowly dwindling hope. To the social worker of this day has been given the privilege of seeing in "close up" many situations in which men and women have given to one another gifts beyond human valuation.

One may give his life for another. That is that. It is given and the agony is over. But to give, day by day, bread from one's own children's mouths that one's neighbors' children, too, may live—that requires courage. To give one's faith that anothers' faith in himself and in the goodness and righteousness of life may persist—that is to be a real neighbor. America has many such today.

As individuals everywhere are re-shaping their lives to meet the demands of this grievous hour, so social agencies are having to adapt their programs to the needs of a troubled world. Before the depression, family social work had begun to shape for itself a philosophy—not fixed — often uncertain — but with tendencies toward certain purposes and toward certain beliefs as to ways in which human beings might best be helped, and as to the causes of this need for help.

Some things had been learned here and some there, as one learns by living, day by day. Sometimes by making mistakes, sometimes by making studies, sometimes by merely watching a child at play—as, for instance, the young worker who relates of a nursery school that a commotion arose one day in the doorway. Children and grown people quickly formed a circle, blocking the view of a two year old child. He made no outcry. He attempted to climb upon his little red chair. He rolled over, rose, and tried again. Suddenly a grown-up spied him, pitied him, lifted him up above the crowd—robbed him of achievement, denied him the glory of success.

In its halting progress toward certain truths and purposes, family case work has failed to arrest the attention of a public too long accustomed to regard family work as a necessary agent to be supported in order that the miseries of the poor should be less obtrusive and therefore less burdensome upon the consciences of the well-to-do.

This public had long regarded family case work as an unvarying process of relieving want. That the process should ever vary, that the methods should constantly shift and change, that the tools should be mobile and alive it had never guessed. That other wants than

those of the body were the concern of family case work the public was totally unaware.

In the field of education the need for individual evaluation and individual instruction has been widely stressed. Bewildered and anxious parents have accepted the teachings of mental hygiene and have carried individualization of the child to dizzy heights.

It is because of the inarticulateness of the family case worker that these eager parents who constitute her public have found no parallel between the processes within their homes and the processes by which family case work seeks, through individualization of families and the members thereof, to meet their varying needs. Yet this necessity for individualization which has so lately dawned upon the school was one of the earliest discoveries of the family case worker, who learned that while the doctor might say of all cases of measles—"Light is bad for the eyes," she might make no such sweeping generalization for families under her care. Her's were no mere physical facts. They were the intangibles which lay upon the wide horizon of the spirit. She must take into consideration the thousand influences which may have shaped these lives—as one sister interpreted her brother's broken home to the worker—"He never knew a home in childhood. He grew up in an orphan asylum. He is not bad, nor intentionally careless. He simply does not know what things are necessary to make a home."

Public opinion has been patient with the medical profession in its trials and failures, in its gropings to discover better ways to control disease, in its searchings for more knowledge of its cause and cure. Throughout all time it has had faith that medical skill would one day find cure for cancer as it has found means to stamp out the scourge of yellow fever. It has had understanding of the discouragements in discovering the nature of disease, the sacrificing hours of labor, the bitter defeats.

It is probably due to the failure of the social worker to interpret herself and her job that this same public remains so densely unaware of the intensely interesting pursuit of wisdom in solving problems of human relationships—baffling—illusive—mysterious — destructive or constructive forces, defining human destiny, shaping human ends. The unloved child who came to woman's estate with passionate longing for affection, giving herself to the first man who offered a cheap substitute for love—the young wife who turned on the gas and lay quietly down to die because her husband shut himself away from her in bitter brooding, victim of a childhood's inhibitions—the man who had grown up hating his younger brother who had come to rob his infancy of accustomed adulation, and whose parents were not wise enough to bridge the gap between the little newcomer and their first-born child—the frustrated man who as a bright boy of twelve left school to support his deserting father's family.

Popular idea has never confined the area of medical practice to any class or type. There has been no lack of understanding of the need for such practice among the lowly or the richly endowed, the stupid or the brilliant, the vulgar or the super-refined. Death and disease are no respectors of person."

Here, again, the family case worker has failed to interpret her clients to the public, not as a separate and distinct unit of society, but

as people, like themselves, with the same potentialities, the same frailties, the same desires, the same emotional qualities—often with unrealized abilities like unto their own—people to whom things have happened which might happen to any one of us—as to the man with the broken back, translated, by this misfortune alone, from an independent citizen into a man asking alms for his children.

Interrupted in her intense preoccupation with individuals, disturbed in her first faltering attempts to make her public see them and her task, the family worker finds herself today fulfilling for the public its only conception of her aim and function. She has become prominent in the public eye as a dispenser of alms. She has taken on a new importance for this passing hour. She will be remembered for a time for her part in feeding the destitute, while she sees, farther in the distance, her dawning hope for understanding, not as a dispenser of alms, but as an eager student of the causes and cures for ailments beyond the province of the medical profession — of another field, though kindred to it; calling, too, for science, for research, for knowledge; offering a challenge; promising a reward—the reward which one receives who has cut a new path in an uncharted region.

What wonder that the family worker should look broodingly upon the already apparent ugly results of wide-spread misery; what wonder that she, accustomed to evaluate the effects upon human beings of hurts and wrongs, of dissatisfactions and injustices, should look beyond the agony of this day to the horror of tomorrow! Effects—of hunger; effects—of fear; effects—of the bitter taste of charity! What wonder that she should resent for these, her people, the situation, which has swept away independence; broken pride; engendered bitterness; endangered health; threatened reason! What wonder that she should raise her voice in passionate protest against the waste and utter uselessness of this economic debacle!

She turns away from the picture to contemplate again that spirit of neighborliness which exists among the poor and is a constant reproach to the selfishness which forgets that it was by mutual effort and mutual sharing that we founded in this new land a great nation.

She finds some sense of peace in sharing with her people her faith in ultimate justice, her belief that beneath greed and selfishness there is stirring something tender and beautiful, which in common parlance we call Love.

Free Will

By Eunice Jacobson Miles

My mind is my own
To make or to mar
With beauty or ugliness,
Virtue or sin.
My house of thought
Shall harbor such loveliness,
Joy everlasting shall dwell therein.

Some Trends in Rural Life of Interest to Social Workers

By Joseph A. Geddes, Professor of Sociology
Utah State Agricultural College

THE personal disorganization that arises out of change, is of special importance to the Social Worker, because many of her charges have been caught by the undertow of economic disaster and have been drawn down. Trends also intrigue the socially minded, for in them the drift of life takes direction.

It will be the purpose of the writer to discuss briefly four trends that appear to be influencing rural living in Utah today:

1. Moving out on the Farm.
2. Enlarging the Community Base.
3. Beautifying the Village.
4. Keeping the Spirit of Progress Alive.

Moving Out On The Farm

A STRIKING thing to the traveler about Utah is her villages. Equally interesting are her towns, or county seats, which serve as secondary centers for villages which surround them. At the present time this state exhibits a four-fold economy. There are (1) Farm families living on the farm are the least clustered people in the state. (2) Villagers, most of whom are village farm families, live in compact settlements, where they cooperate in providing for themselves the more important of the social and economic services. Village centers or agencies serve as the sources of supply of these offerings. Here an effort is made to combine the advantages of farm life and communal life. (3) Town folk, some of whom only, follow farming as an occupation. Here business men, professional men, teachers, dealers in commercial amusements, trades people and working men are more strongly intrenched and often provide more than a proportionate share of the communitie's leadership. These rural centers provide the village and farm people not only with economic services, but tend more and more strongly to supplement the social services which the village agencies supply in part for their people. (4) City or urban people who are interested only indirectly in agriculture as an occupation. Here where numbers and wealth are concentrated, great community agencies supply services for city people and as the means of communication are improved, send many of these services out to the towns and villages, and in some cases even to the farm homes.

Real farm people who like the occupation and expect to follow it have a number of choices involving location which vitally effect the nature of farm living. It is only beginning to be appreciated that in the field of farming there is a tremendous range of types of living. Not only has farming come to be divided into a large number of special occupations, such as dairy farming, poultry farming, dry farming, etc., but within each of these there is a very wide range of adequacy. Vitally affecting the problem of adequacy and desirability is the

question of location. Farm families may choose to live (1) Near cities along the highways. Here the occupation is so greatly moulded by many urban influences, that the farm family becomes semi-urbanized. (2) In the large towns or county seats, where farm people and those who represent other rural occupations vie with each other on fairly even terms, although business and professional men tend somewhat to overshadow farmers in leadership. (3) In villages where farm groups dominate other village occupations and control both economic and social life. (4) On the edge of the village living both on the farm and in the village, and thus subject to the direct influences of both. (5) On the farm where the occupational influence on living is very strong, and where frequent connection with social agencies, either of the village, county seat or city types is correspondingly reduced.

Who knows how much socialization through community agencies is necessary for adequate living? Theories differ. From the beginning, Latter-day Saint leaders interpreting modern sacred writings have felt that the cooperation required in solving community problems; that the social integrations involved in bringing people into a real unity; that the progressive attainment of social solidarity through united or group effort, so important an evidence of progress in christian living, could be brought about much more successfully if people lived relatively close together in compact settlements. So Utah was originally settled on this basis. With the elimination of the Indian menace, many farm families have since gradually moved out on the farms. Some have raised the question, would it not be as well if farm families generally, were encouraged to move out on the farm? With good roads and automobiles, they could come into the county seats for recreational, educational, religious and other needs. Large city agencies could supplement the offerings of the county seat with excellent services, carried to the very doors of farm families in the form of radios, newspapers, magazines, etc.

Are village agencies coming into disuse under present day conditions? A recent study of a rural village, by the Sociology Department of the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, indicates that village service agencies are being used extensively by both Farm Dweller families and Village Farm families.

The Farm families on the farms surrounding the village use community agencies decidedly less than do farm families who live either in the village or on the edge of the village. The average percentages of attendance at all functions are: (1) Farm Families, 25.8 per cent; (2) Village Farm Families, 37 per cent; (3) Edge-of-Town Farm Families, 41.6 per cent and (4) Village Non-Farm Families, 28.2 per cent. Village Farmers use their community agencies 43.2 per cent more than do Farm Dwellers, whereas the combined village farmers, use the village agencies 52.32 per cent more than do the Farm Dwellers out on the farm.

The records for this village seem to show also that the occupation of farming promotes a greater use of community agencies under similar conditions than do other village occupations. The two family groups living in the village average 39.3 per cent use, while non-farm village occupations combined averaged 28.2 per cent usage.

Something of some importance appears to come to light here as a result of placing the village farmers in two groups. The Edge-of-Town Farmers who do their farming outside, used community agencies more than village farmers, although these latter were closer to the community centers than were they. The figures are 41.6 per cent and 37 per cent, respectively. Since the figures reached by all other village occupations combined fall considerably below either of these (being 28.2 per cent), an occupational influence is quite certainly at work. Note that the socializing influence of the village and the occupation of farming are ideally combined in only the one group (those living on the edge of town where they work during the day on the farm under farm conditions and yet are under village influences also). The fact that this group far outstrips all others in using community agencies can mean only one thing—that the occupation of farming is exercising a healthy influence. So far as Utah, with her village hegemony, is concerned, there has probably been a great over-emphasis on the individualism, conservatism, and uncooperative character of farm families. On the contrary, in this village, where conditions have been reasonably similar, they have constituted the backbone of the effort to support and use community institutions surpassing all other occupations. Where conditions have been most adverse (as among Farm Dwellers who had distance to overcome), they did nearly as well, 25.8 per cent as contrasted with 28.2 per cent, the average for the non-farm families who had no distance problem to solve.

Our study seems to indicate that innate in the job of farming are human conditions favorable to higher socialization. The somewhat isolated work of the day provides the social hunger, so necessary to socialization. If conditions are favorable results arise. They are reasonably favorable for a large proportion of Utah's farm families. Our study shows that farm young people read more books and magazines than do village young people They do not use either village or outside city agencies nearly as much. This important fact may have significance to social workers where a city family involving delinquencies is being moved out into the country.

Enlarging the Community Base

THE enlargement of the community base in order to improve the quality of community services, is one of the most significant trends in rural Utah today. It was not so long ago that the village limits were the boundaries and those outside were aliens and strangers. These "outsiders" who did not contribute what the "insiders" considered a fair share of the taxes, were in turn forced to get along without much police or fire protection and were left out in the cold when improvements were allocated. After awhile it began to dawn on village and town folk that these farm families really belonged to the community. Perhaps the competition of urban agencies had something to do with the changed viewpoint, for it was becoming increasingly clear that rural agencies must increase in size, at least at certain points, and to do so a wider area with greater resources and larger numbers was necessary. Experience is tending to show that in matters of education, of law enforcement, of health, of reading facilities, and some other things that fairly large size operat-

ing base is superior to a small one. In education, under the consolidation plan, we are well on the way towards the establishment of the larger base necessary for good rural education. In other fields we are only beginning to see the necessity for action.

A somewhat serious disorganizing factor shows itself when any change of this type is attempted. Not that more difficulty is in prospect than would be encountered if no change were made, for nothing is quite so disorganizing as slow decay. But small communities can ill afford the loss of an important agency like the school. From a community standpoint, they can afford it on one basis and on one basis only. If the new consolidated school or other agency center is so chosen that the area served coincides fairly accurately with the new enlarged community base that many forces are at work gradually bringing into being, the interests of community progress are being served. If this is not done and arbitrary methods are employed, great harm may arise. An important service which rural sociologists should perform for rural areas, is to make sample surveys of emerging natural community bases. The community concept is so important to Utah that it should be guarded and conserved at every point. If a small community must die, its death should be but the beginning of a more vigorous, more effective, more adequate life, as a part of a larger community to which its economic, its religious, its political, its educational, its recreational interests naturally belong. In most cases Utah's small villagaes will probably not die but will concentrate their efforts on certain functions and will turn over to larger units others which they cannot successfully manage.

One of the most interesting and significant changes in rural Utah during the next twenty-five years will undoubtedly be the enlargement of the operating bases of service in certain fields.

A Social Worker sometimes finds a community so upset over the closing down of a small one or two room school house, that discordant factions cannot be brought together in any constructive effort for a long time. A careful appraisement of trends may help her to prevent undue disorganization by directing attention to helpful possibilities.

Rural Beautification

A SIGNIFICANT movement in rural Utah's advancement arose during the second decade of this century. Village beautification began to be recognized as a possibility well within reach of even small villages. Modern city planning began on a comprehensive basis with Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon in the detailed planning of the central city at Independence, Missouri. When Utah was settled, practically all the cities and villages were organized on much the same plan as Independence and Nauvoo. So far as the villages were concerned, few planned changes were made for many years. Village planning seemed to be conceived of, not as an evolving, growing thing, but as a matter to be given careful attention at the time of settlement when the whole task was to be finished up. During the early years of this century the late Emil Hansen, horticulturist of the Agricultural College Extension Service, conceived of the possibility of developing sufficient interest and community cooperation to beautify selected vil-

lages. Due to the tireless efforts of this cultured man, many Utah villages present today a beauty of appearance unknown a quarter of a century ago. The task this good man began, however, is only in its infancy. Unkempt public squares, ugly fences and weedy streets, characterize the majority of our villages today. Those that are farthest advanced are beginning to realize the fine possibilities that lie ahead, awaiting further group effort. Let it not be overlooked that there is enough wasted idle effort in each community during a depression to transform the place and make it a thing of beauty. There is always something to do for intelligent, willing hands.

Idleness disorganizes, delinquency increases during bad times. The Social Worker has much less to do when profitless effort is directed into profitable channels. Farm men could well do much more community work during the winter months.

Keeping the Spirit of Progress Alive

THERE are evidences of a certain resilience which suggests underlying health in the villages of this state. The remarkable development in village beautification during the last two decades and discussed in the preceeding paragraphs, is favorable evidence. A rather extensive use of electrical conveniences in the homes augurs well for farm family life. Village water systems, found nearly everywhere, provide a safe guarded water supply, so essential to health. Sewer systems are emerging, roads are improving. Public buildings exhibit an advancing architecture as do also the churches and libraries. Organizations for young people such as the Bee-Hive Girls, the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Future Farmers of America and the 4H Clubs, have programs which cannot help but pave the way for a greater citizenry.

Still we move forward slowly, too slowly perhaps. The newness of the land is partly responsible. Recent unfavorable economic conditions have no doubt had some influence. A slowly evolving consciousness of the possibilities that inhere in compact settlements, conditions progress. A community never has until it first wants. Cultural hunger must grow, it must find satisfaction in part at least, through self help. Much more must be done through the community agencies themselves, than has been done in the past. Real growth comes largely from within. It cannot be superimposed from without. Since a further awakening and a stronger development of community consciousness is so essential to progress, it is in point to inquire whether our situation is favorable or unfavorable to the bringing about of such a development.

Civilization has grown out of leisure. No people has made a contribution of much consequence that has been unable to take time away from making a living and give it to other things. The citizens of Athens found leisure through slavery, Americans are finding it through machine production. A recent study of leisure among farm people in Utah indicates that farm men have considerable leisure during winter months, but very little during the rest of the year. Farm women have considerable leisure during winter months, but very little during the rest of the year. Farm women have more leisure than farm men. Village women have more leisure than women who live on the farm. Farm

women also sleep longer than farm men.

The coming of house conveniences and the taking of women's work out of the home to the factory, are bringing to farm women in Utah some leisure, and more is coming. What will farm women do with it? Women of the Relief Society, a great opportunity is before you here. If you interest yourselves in the building up of a fine community consciousness, in terms of adequate programs of development in the fields of health, education, recreation, religion, beauty of surroundings, etc., you will be taking a great step forward in making the villages in the valleys of the mountains the finest place in the world in which to live. And you are the only ones who have the time to do it. Social leadership beckons you.

The Social Worker finds her satisfaction not in the immediate situation, for that often discourages. Cheer comes rather in the change in situation, in the improvement in condition, in the family once more on its feet. If she can, now and then, take her eyes off the demanding tasks and can observe trends that are improving, the faith she must have in life, and the good cheer she must radiate, do not slip away from her so readily.

Gnarled Hands

By Edith E. Anderson

(This poem received Honorable Mention in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Contest of 1930.)

I looked at your hands as you peacefully lay
On your beautiful bed of chiffon;
And I could not but wish that my own were as fair,
When my humble mission is done.

Though twisted and gnarled and shriveled from pain,
To me, they were beautiful still:
Oh fortunate hands, hands blessed to serve
The mandates of love's sweet will.

To be raised in defense of the right and the weak,
To smooth away anger and pain,
To labor untiringly, not for yourself
But ever for others' gain.

My heart wells with gratitude just to have felt
The kindness of their caress.
Those hands that were realy to help those in need
So eager to succor and bless.

I heard those around me with sadness exclaim,
"How peaceful they look, at rest;"
But your spirit so smilingly seemed to assure
They continue the work they love best.

On history's pages, some valorous deeds
Have accosted attention and praise;
And some by engraving the human heart,
Transmit them to future days.

The Social Worker in the Unemployment Emergency

By Annie D. Palmer

AMONG the most strenuously employed people in the world today is the Social Worker. If she is in a rural community where shacks and shanties have long ago passed into the sub-standard classification, she may now find several families huddled together in one of the shacks or shanties. She looks on appalled but helpless. She realizes that the air is foul, that sleeping quarters are too close for decency, that warm baths and clean linens are an almost forgotten luxury. She sees the probable break in health, the possible lowering of moral standards, the certain lagging of educational and spiritual interests. Her relief board will supply food, perhaps some used clothing, in some instances shoes. They expect her to distribute these supplies where most needed and to report back that no one in their community has been neglected. Having done this she has finished her task.

Miss Morris is a Social Worker in an urban community. Her experiences are all those of the rural worker and more — many, many more. The office where Miss Morris works is crowded from the time its doors are opened until they are closed for the night. Often after that she visits well-known clients who anxiously wait for an opportunity to discuss a new situation with the worker who knows and understands and helps them. Some of these are so keenly appreciative that they accept with willing fortitude a necessary budget cut or other equally difficult adjustment. Others of them are in such close touch with the public pulse and so selfish in their demands that they clamor for a share in every benefit. Often they know a public project before it is officially projected. Miss Morris must keep her head clear and her heart sympathetic none-the-less. No wonder she goes to bed too tired to sleep, and in her dreams tries to find a solution to the conditions growing daily more intricate.

Every Social Worker must adapt herself to the needs of the hour. While humanity cries for bread she must give emergency orders and even reorders after only a hurried office interview or a volunteer's visit to the home. In the hurry of this winter's office intake, practically all rules have been suspended, and most methods subjected to undesirable modification. Everyone is giving hours of overtime in a determined effort to keep pace with the increasingly heavy load.

They who come to the Relief Agency now are so different! Whereas formerly they were weak or sick or unfortunate, now many of them are strong and determined and defiant. There are young men clean looking, perfectly built, well dressed, *demanding* that their dependents shall not suffer; and there are sturdy men of middle age who weep because of rents unpaid and credit houses threatening.

Youth is fraught with hope. To young men Miss Morris can give a food order and the friendly assurance that of course folks will be fed, that the sun of prosperity

will surely shine again, and that the ugly threats never could be carried into effect. And one of the young men answers affably as he goes away: "I'm gonig to bring my wife up here. I want you to talk to her."

What of the older man whose lost job will probably never be replaced? To draw from the bank his small savings may mean certain dependency in old age. A pension, perhaps, that is a mere pittance, or a public institution. This man's present need may also be met in a small way; but what of his future? Miss Morris contemplates it with aching heart as she contemplates so many of the exigencies of the time.

The problems of both these men are deserving of the best skill of our profession. So, too, are the problems of the woman whose husband literally threw her out into the street and of the widower whose family management is menacing. Miss Morris hopes some time to get back to these worthy cases. What will have happened ere she does?

A prominent speaker in National Conference defended the position thus: "We are proud of the teamwork among relief-giving agencies which makes bread-lines and soup-kitchens almost unknown and wins for us the respect and confidence of the community and even of hard-headed city officials. But we are not blind to the cost of it all. We know that many tragedies have been passed over lightly because they were of the spirit rather than of health or of hunger, that both we as a family society, and the community will suffer from this neglect for years to come. We know that many cases have been 'closed for loss of contact' which should have been followed up, and these have often been the most hopeful ones, just *because* they did not dog our footsteps. We know that many an 'incidental service' should have been taken under care. Dare we choose intensive casework for the few if it means bread-lines and soup-kitchens for the many?"

Miss Morris is studying her community problems as never before. As never before she sees the big heart of the public respond to the appeal for help; and she is confident that the great majority of those now being fed will again bear their own burdens. They will be helped through the present crisis without losing their innate strength or weakening of their high ideals. But in the midst of it all she is brought face to face with graver situations, some of which "we have always with us". As never before she sees how poverty reacts on character and discontent grows out of necessity.

Always there have been some children not properly clothed for school nor properly nourished for learning. Miss Morris has observed a few such families into the second and third generation. Often she reasons with herself in this wise: "How can these children amount to anything? The father grumbles, growls and swears. In between he dozes and smokes. He is not cleaned up on Sundays nor holidays. He doesn't read. He isn't interested in their lessons. He isn't—. Oh, how can he be interested? He is unemployed, under-employed, under-paid. His family is large and always hungry. He must constantly choose between a shirt for one of the youngsters and a sack of tobacco. If only he could buy enough shirts to go round! But he can't; so he decides on the tobacco. His teeth ache and he cannot care for them. His eyes are bleary and he

is unable to afford glasses. His food is poor and irregular. Home is cold, crowded, and cheerless. His wife doesn't love him. How can she?

Look at the shack in which she lives. No rugs, no comfort, no beauty; no magazines, books nor music; no cement outside nor paint inside. Tired, sick, discouraged, her head aches from worry and her heart aches from disappointment. Is love expressed under such conditions? What to such is the meaning of "Home, sweet home"? Do we wonder that children stray and family ties are broken?"

It is this type of family that disturbs the slumber of Miss Morris. To them this year, 1931, is no worse than the most prosperous years of the past. Perhaps it is better in that the public pulse is quickened. But what this family needs is not more places to go for free necessities. It is more opportunity for ligitimate employment, it is better pay for honest toil. With that to offer, Miss Morris might help the woman to keep house better, to dress the children more fit, to prepare more palatable meals. And that would make considerable difference in the situation. If the children could buy an apple instead of begging or sneaking it; if the woman might go to a show and get a thought to take the place of nagging; if the man could feel that he was somebody, that he had a place among *folks,* then perhaps he and the woman might be able to think in straight lines instead of vicious circles.

The relationship of poverty to sin is well summed up by Annie Marion McClean. She says: "Poverty is not synonomous with sin and crime; but vice and crime breed where human hopes are at their lowest ebb; and this is most frequently among those who have lost ground in the economic struggle." How many of these breeding places will be left in the wake of this cataclysm?

It is the hope of Miss Morris and all her profession that neighbors, friends, and relatives, as well as social workers professional and volunteer, shall see to it that *courage* goes out with their largess; and that the *will to do for self* shall not be crushed by want. By the spirit with which we bring men through a crisis must we measure the success of our job.

By My Fruits

By Bertha A. Kleinman

What shall it count that my ancestral tree
Was planted back a thousand years B. C.
That sires of mine were proud nobility—
'Tis fruits—not roots—shall speak at last for me!

What shall it count how deep the roots are graved,
Or yet how high the topmost branch has waved,
That storm and stress the weathered boughs have braved–
'Tis by my fruits my dynasty is saved.

What shall it count the ages it has grown,
What of the land and clime where it was sown,
This shall it count—my fruits shall make it known
Who buds with Truth the branch that is my own!

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX

Dorothea Lynde Dix, Patron Saint of the Insane

By Arthur Lawton Beeley

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX did for the American lunatic asylum in the nineteenth century what John Howard achieved for the English county gaol a century earlier. Just as Howard succeeded by agitation in making English local prisons sanitary, so Dorothea Dix was able, by the same technique, to secure more and better hospital facilities for the insane in the United States.

Both reformers discovered local abuses quite by chance; Howard in the gaols, Miss Dix in the prisons and almshouses. Both of them continued their observations on a national scale and later overseas. Both had a passion for facts and an amazing facility in using them in support of their pleas. Each was a past master in the art of influencing legislators and public officials. Both became the self-appointed advocates of the unfortunate groups whose causes they so ably championed.

This remarkable woman was directly responsible for the initial establishment or the enlargement of thirty-four hospitals for the insane in the United States and Europe between the years 1840 and 1860. This phenomenal extension of hospital facilities began at Worcester, Massachusetts, and extended to Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana, Alabama, the Carolinas, Maryland; Nova Scotia, Scotland, the Island of Jersey and finally to Italy. Moreover, her influence in raising the standards of care and treatment in mental hospitals everywhere was equally marked. And this, too, at a time when most laymen still believed that insane persons were possessed of devils and that insanity was the result of sexual sin.

II

THE fascinating account of how this intrepid, New England schoolmistress began her work dates back to 1841 when, at thirty-nine years of age, she volunteered to teach a Sunday-school class in the East Cambridge house of correction. After the school was over Miss Dix went through the jail and found, to her amazement, several insane persons herded together among the prisoners, in unheated rooms, "noisome with filth". Believing that conditions throughout Massachusetts were the same as those in East Cambridge, she set out, note-book in hand, to confirm her suspicions and to record her findings. After visiting every jail and almshouse in the state, she organized her report—a mass of appalling data describing the misery of the insane—into a memorial and addressed it to the legislature in 1843.

This classic document, dated from the home of Dr. William Ellery Channing, a friend and supporter of Miss Dix, describes the conditions at Fitchburg, Springfield, Ipswich, Concord and a score of other places in the state where the insane were confined in "cages,

closets, cellars, stalls, pens! Chained, naked, beaten with rods and lashed into obedience." * * *

Of the almshouse in Wayland, for instance, Miss Dix said:

* * * caged in a wood-shed, and also fully exposed upon the public road, was seen a man * * * debased by exposure and irritation. Want of accomodations for the imperative calls of nature had converted the cage into a place of utter offence. "My husband cleans him out once a week or so", said the mistress ***

At Westford she reported—

* * * a young woman, whose person was partially covered with portions of a blanket, sat upon the floor. * * * about the waist was a chain, the extremity of which was fastened to the wall of the house.

In the almshouse at Worcester she found—

* * * a young woman, a lunatic pauper of decent life and respectable family. I have seen her as she usually appeared, listless and silent, almost or quite sunk into a state of dementia. * * * A few weeks since, while revisiting that almshouse, judge my horror and amazement to see her negligently bearing in her arms a young infant, of which I was told she was the unconscious parent.

The practical nature of Miss Dix's proposals, together with the force of her language, are well illustrated in the following excerpt from her Memorial:

The conviction is continually deepened that hospitals are the only places where insane persons can be at once humanely and properly controlled. Poorhouses converted into madhouses cease to effect the purposes for which they were established, and instead of being asylums for the aged, the homeless, and the friendless, and places of refuge for orphaned or neglected childhood, are transformed into perpetual bedlams.

Miss Dix's petition was referred to a committee of the legislature, of which Samuel Gridley Howe was fortunately the chairman. Dr. Howe's committee strongly endorsed the Dix indictment and recommended a bill, which later carried by a large majority, authorizing two hundred additional beds at the Worcester State Hospital.

III

MISS DIX followed this same procedure, with equal success, in several other states. Her belief was that only by creating more and better hospitals, staffed with well-trained physicians of high character, could the imperative needs of the insane be met.

The success of these legislative endeavors was due not only to her zeal but also to her ability to choose wise and influential spokesmen for her reform measures. Many of the outstanding men of her day endorsed her proposals. In England, for example, where she was little known, she had the support of William Rathbone, of Lord Shaftsbury and of Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke. She could appeal to men of eminence with the same ease and success that she approached men of wealth.

Her conception of the importance of her cause, and the strategy which she employed to promote it, are strikingly revealed in her proposal to Congress to set aside 12,225,000 acres of public domain, ten million acres for the benefit of the insane, the remainder for the blind, deaf and dumb.

According to her biographer, Tiffany, it was the sight of greedy adventurers besieging Congress for grants of land which first gave her the idea of seeking federal aid. Congress had, in fact, already made liberal grants of public lands for educational purposes, and later, in aid of two "seminaries" for the

deaf and the dumb. Why not for the insane?

In a characteristic "memorial", Miss Dix prayed Congress in 1848 for a grant of 5,000,000 acres of land "for the relief and support of the indigent curable and incurable insane in the United States." The petition, as usual, contained a devastating array of facts, in the accumulation of which she had traveled sixty thousand miles in twenty-seven of the thirty states in the Union.

> I have myself seen more than nine thousand idiots, epileptics, and insane, in these United States, destitute of appropriate care and protection; and of this vast and most miserable company, sought out in jails, in poorhouses, and in private dwellings, there have been hundreds, nay, rather thousands bound with galling chains, bound beneath fetters and heavy iron balls, attached to drag-chains, lacerated with ropes, scourged with rods, and terrified beneath storms of profane execrations and cruel blows; now subject to jibes and scorn and torturing kicks—now abandoned to the most loathsome necessities, or the subject of the vilest and most outrageous violations. * * * I proceed to verify this assertion, commencing with the State of Maine. * * *

At the session of 1848-9 a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives but it never came to a vote. Miss Dix renewed her request in 1850, this time asking for the 12,225,000 acres. This second bill passed the Senate but failed in the House. With characteristic persistence she made a third attempt, in 1854, with the amazing result that the bill passed both houses of Congress with substantial majorities.

Like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, however, President Franklin Pierce vetoed the bill, giving as his reason the impropriety of the Federal Government "assuming to enter into a novel and vast field of legislation." True to his ultra-democratic leanings, he said:

> I cannot find any authority in the Constitution for making the Federal Government the great almoner of public charity throughout the United States. To do so would, in my judgment, be contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and subversive of the whole theory upon which the Union of these States is founded.

The failure to secure federal aid for the insane was, of course, almost a death blow to Miss Dix who, when she recovered from the shock, renewed her labors for the mentally handicapped in England and on the Continent.

IV.

IN view of the recent practice of the Federal Government in extending aid to the states for various purposes, it seems not too much to say that President Pierce's position was extreme and conservative. It is hard to conceive the tremendous advances in the care of the insane which might have ensued if federal assistance had thus been granted.

However, the phenomenal spread of the state hospital movement throughout the nation was itself an achievement of the first magnitude. It was, in fact, the second high-water mark of modern times in raising the standards of care for the mentally diseased.

The first humanitarian achievement in this field dates back to the work of Tuke in England and Pinel in France in the 1790's. Dr. Philippe Pinel, upon being appointed superintendent of *La Salpetriere* in Paris, ordered his patients released from their shackles and from their cells. For much the same reason, and about the same time, William Tuke, a quaker tea merchant, es-

tablished *The Retreat* at York as a private sanitarium wherein patients were allowed almost complete freedom.

It took a long time, of course, before physical restraint was completely abolished. In fact it was not until the beginning of the present century that the straight-jacket, one of the best-known and widely used restraining devices, gave way to the continuous bath (a form of hydro-therapy) as a routine method of quieting a disturbed patient.

The present mental hygiene movement marks a third stage in the humanitarian attack on mental disorders. This particular movement was ushered in by the publication in 1908 of that remarkable book, *A Mind That Found Itself,* by Clifford W. Beers, an ex-patient who set out to expose the cruelties practiced on the insane in certain American hospitals. Mr. Beers, a genius at organization, enlisted the interest of men like the late Professor William James and secured funds from Mr. Henry Phipps with which to establish the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene in 1908. In much the same way Mr. Beers was the dynamic force largely responsible for the creation of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, which, with a score or so of loosely affiliated state societies, has had such a profound effect upon American policies in dealing with the mentally handicapped during the past twenty years. The international scope of this movement was recently evidenced at the first world congress on mental hygiene, held in Washington, D. C., in 1930, when delegates from some forty nations reported the organization and work of mental hygiene societies in as many different countries.

The rapid growth of the mental hygiene movement is partly due to the fact that it amalgamated a number of collateral trends, each one of which had been gaining momentum independently. The geneticists, for exmple, had formulated the principles of human heredity which the eugenicists were quick to embody into a program of social control. Psychology, too, had been growing to the full stature of a new and independent science of human behavior, and in addition to the Binet-Simon intelligence tests, the psychologists had many useful mental hygiene suggestions to offer. The psychiatrists—notably Kraepelin in Germany and Freud in Austria—had also been adding to and systematizing their knowledge of psycho-pathology. These and many other contributions to the study and control of human behavior have been integrated into the mental hygiene movement and are now focussed by its leaders upon the distressing problems of mental ill-health.

The movement has now assumed the proportions of a tremendous social force for healthful living. Insanity, of course, is no longer its chief concern. Feeblemindedness, epilepsy, suicide, crime, juvenile delinquency; home, school and industrial maladjustments are now among the major problems attacked. The success of its constantly enlarging scope is due to the adoption of three preventive techniques: first, the education of public opinion as to the nature and causes of mental disorder; second, the organization of child guidance clinics (of which there are some four hundred in the United tSates) for the scientific diagnosis and treatment of children's conduct disorders; third, the promotion of systematic research into the causes and cure of mental dis-

order. The New York State Psychiatric Institute, recently made an integral part of the great Medical Center in New York City, is a prophetic symbol of this last-named approach.

IT is now forty-four years ago since Dorothea Lynde Dix died at the age of eighty-five. It can be said without exaggeration that she was one of the most useful citizens and distinguished women this country has ever produced. Her monumental achievement was the foundation she laid for the mental hygiene movement. Her humanitarian interests, however, extended to several other groups and to many other forms of human misery. For example, at the outbreak of the Civil War, although nearly sixty years of age, she volunteered her services to the Federal Government and was appointed Superintendent of Nurses, a difficult post which she held until the close of the War. This was her last major undertaking.

Her first venture, begun at fourteen years of age, was as a teacher. For about twenty years she devoted herself to educational work with children and to the building of a "model" school, activities which she was forced to abandon because of ill-health. During these years she also spent considerable time in improving her own education. She also wrote several children's books, one of which, *Conversations on Common Things,* ran through some sixty editions.

She was endowed with a tremendous drive and an indomitable will. It is possible that she felt a sense of inferiority regarding her immediate family, although her grandparents, with whom she lived during childhood and adolescence, were of "sound New England stock." It is quite likely, too, that her unhappy childhood, her poor health and her limited chances for an education all conspired to produce a personality pattern in which sympathy for the handicapped was the ruling passion.

Miss Dix was deeply religious. Moreover, she entertained a belief in her own divine mission somewhat as did Joan of Arc. In a letter to Mrs. Rathbone of Liverpool, she once wrote: "Providence seems leading me on, and He, by whose mercy I am preserved, blesses all my labors for the afflicted."

Not Asylums, But Homes

By Amy W. Evans

"The family is the richest medium for the nurture and development of the child."

LITTLE JANE in her brown and white checked gingham dress, her tightly braided "pigtails" tied with string, her sturdy copper-toed shoes, all blazoning the words, "Orphan Asylum Child," has become a pathetic figure of the past. Or if not entirely so, at least in all communities that follow modern methods of care for the dependent child.

As long as the family has been in existence there have been children bereft of parental care for one reason or another, and the group or community to which they belonged has undertaken to rear them.

Among the ancient Israelites, immediately after the exodus from Egypt, according to Dr. W. H. Slingerland, orphan and fatherless children were legally placed in selected families. Psalm LXVIII says that God is "A father to the fatherless" and that he "setteth the solitary in families."

It was not until after the Christian era that asylums for dependent children were established. The churches were the first to build and maintain them, and the particular faith of the founders was carefully instilled into the minds of the children.

England, in 1562, met the problem of the dependent child by legalizing an apprentice system. Children were placed with housewives, farmers, mechanics, or artisans who had the right to use them for any kind of labor they were capable of performing. There was great opportunity for abuse and exploitation in this system. The children were practically slaves, and were often deprived of education and very cruelly treated.

In America, New England at first followed the English system of indenture, with the same results of abuse and overwork and neglect of many of the unfortunate children. The first orphan asylum in this country was founded at New Orleans in 1729, in connection with the Ursuline Convent. After 1800 there was a rapid increase in institutions for children. Many wealthy people gave immense sums for the building and maintenance of large structures which housed hundreds of children under one roof. They slept in huge dormitories and ate in long, immense dining rooms. A certain amount of dulling routine had to be followed, and a painful orderliness maintained, which though it might please the Boards of Directors, was damning to the development of the personality of the child. The tendency was to suppress individuality, to consider the children as so many gingham-frocked Janes or denim-covered Johns. It was here that the orphanage type developed. However, there were some thinking people who began to question the wisdom of this institutional care of children. The results were not satisfactory. The asylum child when kept long could not adjust well in normal society. He was different from the average child reared in its own home. The importance of

home life for every child began to be understood. So asylums were changed from the large, congregate type to the cottage plan. Small buildings were grouped around a central administration building. Under the care of a house mother a smaller number of children were given something more like home life. There was less formality and children were encouraged to plant gardens, care for chickens and rabbits and various pets. They attended the public school instead of being taught at the orphanage, which was another advantage.

As far back as 1853, Charles Loring Brace maintained that healthy, normal children should not be held in an institution except for a very brief period. He organized the New York Children's Aid Society, the pioneer society of this kind. He proceeded to find foster homes for hundreds of children. From the streets of New York he took destitute children and placed them on farms. He conceived the idea of sending groups of children to other states and there placing them with families. An agent of the Society took such a group from New York to Michigan and with the aid of a local committee held a meeting in a church to which were invited farmers from the surrounding country. A talk explaining the purpose of the New York Society was given and a plea made for permanent homes for the children. In less than a week all the children were placed. Later, other groups were sent to Ohio and placed in a similar manner.

According to present day standards this was a very faulty procedure in child placing, as there was no adequate investigation of foster homes, no effort made to fit the child to the home where he might be able to adjust most satisfactorily. Neither was there sufficient subsequent supervision of foster homes. Notwithstanding the defects in procedure in placing the children, Mr. Brace's idea that normal, healthy children should not be held in institutions except for very brief periods was a step forward in child welfare.

Soon after the organization of the New York Children's Aid Society, other cities formed similar societies, Baltimore in 1860, Boston in 1864, and so on. Out of the conferences and meetings of the representatives of these various societies grew the Child Welfare League of America. Sooner or later, most all of the children's aid organizations adopted the idea of the New York Society and the result has been that foster home care for needy children has emptied most of the institutions. In some states these buildings are being used for hospitals, homes for defectives, etc.

The present tendency in the care of the dependent child is well expressed by the author of *The Child is the Future*. She says, "If it can provide anything like adequate care the home into which a child is born is the place to bring him up. Where the essentials of family life exist even in a minor degree every effort should be made to keep him with his own father and mother. Their home is his rightful place and the sense of belonging which comes from being in it meets one of the deepest fundamental needs of life." President Roosevelt's White House Conference on the Care of Dependent Children, held at Washington, D. C., in 1909, recommended that "Children of worthy parents or deserving mothers should as a rule be kept with their parents at home," and that "Homeless and neglected children, if normal, should be cared

for in families when practicable." These recommendations were reaffirmed by the conference called by the Federal Children's Bureau at the Request of President Wilson in 1919, and also by President Hoover's Conference on Child Health and Protection which met in 1930. The committee on the dependent and neglected child of the last named conference found that "today the principle of the preservation of the home is fully established in the legislation of nearly every State in the Union as a public policy, while some 220,000 needy children are living in their own homes, cared for by their own mothers through the operation of mothers' aid laws. In 1929, thirty-three States spent more than $30,000,000 for this purpose. Many thousands of these children, but for the mother's pensions, would have been taken from their homes to other types of care." When a child is removed from his own home through sickness, death, mental illness, bad environment or any legitimate reason, *never for poverty alone,* then the best standards require that he be placed in some other home approximating as nearly as possible what his own home *should* be to him, "to fit him into the normal group and differentiate him as little as possible from other children."

To do this requires understanding and skill. It demands a thorough study of the physical, mental and emotional life of the child, also a knowledge of his family and the influences which have made him what he is. The home into which he is to go must be selected to meet his particular needs. Continuous supervision of and contact with the child while he remains in the foster home is also required.

So the care of needy children has come to mean, not asylums, but homes—the child's own home, if possible. Every effort should be made to protect the health of mothers, to safeguard men in industry, to eliminate unemployment and those other things which contribute to child dependency and neglect and deprive him of his rightful heritage to be reared in a normal home.

Social workers of today see possibilities for constructive, preventive work in dealing with children, that the future depends upon the care and training given the child. The child is the future. In the words of David Starr Jordan, "There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for philanthropy, if ever you wish to be of real use in the world, do something for children. If ever you yearn to be wise, study children. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race salvation, it will be because a little child has led."

A Changed Attitude

By Inez B. Allred

ELSIE NICKELSON had sat in a dejected mood all morning. The day had started with a quarrel. Too many of their days were started that way of late and Frank had rushed out to catch his car leaving the greater part of a poorly prepared breakfast untouched on his plate. The echo from the slamming door had died down in the house, but not in Elsie's heart.

Yes, she had said nasty, sarcastic things about never having enough money to spend, but it was all the truth. The hard bitter retort Frank had made, about her knowing about his financial condition not keeping her from putting the matrimonial loop around his neck was too cruel. Yet, it was she who had wanted to marry right soon after they had found each other. Frank had wanted to wait until he was in a position to give her everything she needed, but Elsie had felt that she only needed Frank and had said "she would do without everything just to be with him."

Their marriage had been a happy one, but they soon discovered that it takes more than a man and a woman and love to run a house and have children on.

"Why worry," Elsie had said to herself a number of times. Nevertheless, she was worried. Never before in their six years of married life had Frank left for work without kissing her and the babies goodbye. The fact was, Elsie was trying to ease her conscience by self pity. She had succeeded so well, that the tasks of the morning had been forgotten, and her three little boys left to their own devices were making the most of their freedom by carrying the sand pile onto the front porch.

Elsie was startled out of her brooding by Junior who announced that two ladies were coming to see her. "The Relief Society Teachers," sighed Elsie as she hesitated between answering the door or the telephone, which was ringing loudly. She opened the door, excused herself and flew into the hall to the 'phone. Sister Brown was needed at home immediately. Would Sister Nickelson kindly tell her? "Yes, indeed," answered Elsie, "and I wish," she added to herself, "I had the same message for Sister Beal. Relief Society Teachers, indeed, what good do they do one anyway?"

After Sister Brown had hurried away, Sister Beal tried to deliver the Teachers' Topic which was "The Responsibility of Each Church Member to Sustain Church Organizations by Attending Meetings, etc." She did not get very far with the subject as Elsie was in no mood for the message and very frankly said so. "Go to meetings? Not with three babies under five years of age. No they could not afford a girl to tend them. If they could there were a number of things she needed more than she needed Relief Society meetings. She thought her first duty was to her children."

And then indulging in a wave of self pity, Elsie poured out her grievances against her husband. "If I had a car I could take the children into the country once or twice a week, but Frank simply will not

listen to us getting one on the installment plan. We quarreled again this morning over it. We can afford one just as well as a number of our friends, but Frank will not listen, not even when I try to show him how much it would mean to the babies. He says it is my pride being pinched, the kiddies are happy and would much rather have something when they are grown." Elsie turned her face away to hide tears of hurt pride from her listener.

Sister Beal, feeling that Elsie needed an understanding friend who could help her out of her obsession of self-pity sat very still listening and silently praying for inspiration that she might be a Relief Society Teacher in very deed.

With a few carefully put questions she learned that Brother Nickelson was in line for a district managership for his company and was working overtime to learn the business.

"Yes," Elsie admitted, "he was a very indulgent husband and had promised her a car just as soon as he could afford one. He had a natural abhorence of debt. He says, 'It brings more sorrow than happiness and one cannot buy enough conveniences with it to pay for the distress of mind an honest man feels when he meets his creditors'."

Sister Beal very tactfully told Elsie of some of the sacrifices she had had to make as a young wife. "You know, dear," she said, "behind every successful man is a good woman. I love to think of such women as the wife of Nathanial Hawthorn. He had a job in the Customs House in Boston. A change in political parties left him jobless. He went home to that good wife expecting her to voice disappointment. He was surprised to hear her say, 'How glad I am you can now write the book you have been planning.' 'But how', he asked, 'How can we live while I write?' She proudly displayed money enough to keep them a few months, which she had saved out of her household allowance. She gave Hawthorn his chance and he gave the world *The Scarlet Letter*. That is one reason I enjoy the Literary Lessons in our meetings. We learn how others met and solved the problems of life which we are now solving. Longfellow should have written, 'Lives of Great Women all remind us'," she laughingly said as she bade Elsie good bye, telling her to be of good cheer and she knew she would some day realize her heart's desire. With a man like Frank Nickelson she could not fail if she did her part.

Elsie sat perfectly still for a long time after Sister Beal left. She was thinking, thinking, but not of herself now. For the first time she was seeing things from Frank's point of view. The expense of the three babies, especially the last time when Trevor came so nearly dying and she was kept at the hospital for weeks with flu pneumonia. Frank had given up his chances for a promotion at that time because he would not leave the city while she was ill. She had taken it for granted that he did not mind, because he had said nothing. She realized now that he must have suffered keen disappoinmtent and was silent to spare her. Her heart filled with pity and love for the man who had gone through disappointment and expense and has met both uncomplainingly. She knew that he had borrowed to meet the last emergency. How ashamed she felt. Frank had never hesitated to go in debt to save her and their child. Now she would ruin him to satisfy her false pride.

That she might make a showing as some of her friends were doing. "Oh, how," Elsie asked herself, "do we loose sight of true values and acquire such ideals!" "Poor Frank, I have been the proverbial mill stone around his neck. Now I must think of ways and means of helping him."

Her first act was to take a bag of undarned stockings from the closet. She had used the excuse of the baby taking all her time, for putting them away one pair at a time to be darned sometime in the future. It was so much easier to buy new ones. Now she must mend these and not buy another pair until they were worn out.

Elsie was shocked to find eleven pair of silk hose, not one pair a year old. "Sixteen dollars and fifty cents for stockings just for me," gasped Elsie, "on our income." For a moment she felt giddy. She wondered how Frank got any hose at all and how he had managed to pay for what the babies had.

After feeding the babies she threw some pillows on the floor for them and settled down with them around her for an afternoon of darning. Elsie was a good story teller and soon the three children were sleeping. She had finished most of her stockings and had a good dinner ready when Frank returned from work. She was glad that he did not refer to the morning. She was more than willing to call it a closed chapter, besides she did not care to talk about her new resolves until she was sure she could live up to her own desires, but she was happier than she had been for months. Her stories had drawn the children closer to her. Her mother heart had been made glad by their smiles and requests for another and another.

Sister Beal never visited the Nickelson home again. She was called to be president of the Relief Society and heard after a short time that Brothher Nickelson had gotten a promotion and had moved to his new field of labor.

After ten years of faithful service to her ward, the Bishop had released Sister Beal from her duties as president of the Relief Society. The sisters of the society had given her a lovely party and presented her with a set of books that she had long desired to own. She had returned from the party feeling happy that she had been released from her labors. She could now do some of the things she had longed to do, for instance she meant to read to her heart's content.

Taking her mail she slipped out to her garden where she could be alone. One letter attracted her attention. The hand writing was unfamiliar and the post mark did not enlighten her as to whom it could be from. She broke the seal and read the letter through, then she re-read it, wiping tears of joy from her eyes as she did so, and again the third time she read—

"Dear Sister Beal: Do not let this letter surprise you too much. I have been going to write for a long, long time.

"Do you remember one day years ago coming to my house as a Relief Society District Teacher? Surely you do. How could you forget how resentful and unkind I acted. I was hardly civil to you. But, dear Sister Beal, I had a change of attitude that day which I think is the contributing factor in my husband's present success. It is to you I owe the awakening which came to me that day. Do you remember how I was letting a few selfish desires blind me to the really worth

while things in life? The beautiful story you told me of how Mrs. Hawthorne had helped her husband and other things you said that day caused me to right about face. I resolved to forget myself in service for others and see if it would bring the happiness which you said it would. I have proven your words to be true. I gave myself wholeheartedly to my new resolve. It was not easy at times because I had acquired the bad habit of thinking of myself, but with effort I suceeded in thinking of others and seeing things as they did.

"As you know we moved soon after you were made president of the Relief Society. Mr. Nickelson got his promotion and has been going steadily forward until he is now First Vice President of his company. I have had more than my share of the good things of life.

"We have three more lovely children and count them our greatest blessings. The three little boys you remember ,are all quite grown up. Junior is in his Senior year in High School and we hope to send him to the State University next Winter. The greatest joy that comes to me is my husband's recognization of my efforts and the credit he gives me for his success.

"He often tell Junior he will have to go some to get a girl that will be the help mate his mother has been. It is obvious by Junior's smile that he can think of a dozen girls he would rather have for a life partner than mother. That is as it should be and detracts not at all from my husband's appreciation. And to think that I came so nearly letting my married life be wrecked.

"I do not approve of a wife flying the matrimonial flag of distress, but I am truly glad mine was waving that day you called, for you were like a lighthouse and pointed out the dangers ahead. I had never told Frank what caused the change in my attitude toward life until the other evening while we were reading the Bible I said the passage 'C5:15. And that he died for all that they which lived should not hence forth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again.' Made me think of you and then I told him of your unselfish service; how you were living not for self but for others and how you had brought me a message that had saved me from living unto myself. He said, 'Elsie, do you think the sisters who go around teaching realize the good they do? I think you should write Sister Beal and let her know that her efforts have been successful as far as one family goes. If you don't I may do so myself,' he added.

"My husband joins me in this little expression of our love and appreciation for your life of service.

"Sincerely,

"Elsie Nickelson."

At this point Sister Beal heard her daughter explaining to a neighbor that she did not know what mother would ever do without her Relief Society work. "Without my Relief Society work," said Sister Beal to herself. "I will not do without it. There is plenty of Relief Society work to do besides being President.

"I will be a district teacher again." "After all they have the greatest opportunity for doing good."

The Social Service Institute

By Lalene H. Hart

ANOTHER Relief Society Social Service Institute has closed. How successful it has been will depend on our decision to utilize our pent up motive power in concerted attack upon social problems that are, breaking homes, lowering health and living standards, handicapping young people by inadequate scholastic training, warping personalities and mental attitudes, and sapping the efficiency and happiness of our people.

It will have been a failure, however, if we did not get the right view point, a vision of the possibilities of constructive social work in community building and if our minds are not clarified concerning the objectives for which we must strive.

Before the advent of the trained social worker, the responsibility of giving help to maladjusted members of society fell to the lot of well intentioned people who as a rule had a genuine desire in their hearts to serve their fellow-men and who relied on their intuition and common sense to guide them in their work. A great advance is being made and this type of worker is gradually being replaced by the individual who is schooled to meet the difficult problems that beset society.

The scientific methods used today demand inquiry concerning the causative factors lying back of the problems that are being attacked and in so far as these factors can be elicited there are opened up many possibilities for effective treatment and prevention.

By adherence to scientific methods and by preservation of a broad humanitarian outlook that is sensitive and responsive to human needs the future will be bright, and if social work performs its task effectively the way is opened up for many developments that will enrich the life of our people. Social work, however, is faced with many problems and difficulties and it will require courage and persistence to insure progress.

It has not been the thought—in fact it is quite impossible—in this short but intensive course to train professional social welfare workers but enough information and practical work has been presented to give the student a view of the field in which she is to function as a social service aid.

The course has been planned, however, with certain aims in view:

First, to educate to an understanding of social work and the desire to learn more and more about it.

Second, to give instructions in methods and the principles underlying each method.

Third, to foster an attitude of confidence and faith in human beings and to develop the best that is in them so they may attain some degree of harmonious living.

Fourth, to stimulate a keen desire to do good constructive work.

Cooperation is one of the fundamentals of welfare work and to obtain it fully there must be complete understanding of the work itself, understanding of the many varied needs of individuals, of communities, of problems, of other agencies, and one another. We may

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIAL SERVICE INSTITUTE

And President Robison, Counselors Amy Brown Lyman and Annie D. Palmer

have the knowledge of these things but it, in and of itself, is not sufficient and cannot be applied alone.

In the past when our communities were smaller and life less complex there was only one avenue of relief, the church, but today even in the smallest towns a greater number of resources have sprung up to aid the church in helping human beings to form such a philosophy of life as to face facts clearly and deal successfully with life's daily problems, so that every individual may function physically, mentally, intelligently, economically, and spiritually.

In order to do this communities must organize their resources so that relief and service do not overlap. Relief given without investigation, without regard for client whether individuals or families, with no effort to learn causes that made the appeal necessary, without proper records, etc., not only has a pauperizing effect, in that the applicant's sense of independence and self-confidence are not maintained, but that the cause is not removed and the relief expense goes on just the same.

Food, clothing, and shelter do not form the whole foundation on which family life is built. Each member of that family is a unit by itself and must have an outlet for physical mental and spiritual urges, he must have an opportunity for work, education and recreation. Because of these divided interests cooperation with all available resources is essential to happy family life. At no time has the magnitude of this task been so great as it is at the present. The situation calls for heroic efforts on the part of all to keep up the morale of family life and the members optimistic and happy.

Perhaps one outstanding thing that the institutes may accomplish is the interpretation, by the members of the class, of the family and community welfare work that the General Board in cooperation with the Presiding Bishopric are tying to the wards and stakes throughout the church to the various stakes and communities from which they came.

To interpret means to translate into familiar words or terms, to represent artistically. And so to interpret there must be a direct and vital relationship with the community. Mary Richmond has said, "If we fail to interpret social work we shall be sawing off the very limb on which we sit."

This process of interpretation then, must be a continuous and active day by day, year in and year out, with an exchange of experiences and ideas. Public opinion, misunderstanding and prejudice have been formed on past ideas that family social work is relief giving only and not educational and preventive work. Karl de Schweinitz in his book "The Art of Helping People out of Trouble," gives us a way to interpret social service work artistically in the example of Donato.

It may be interesting to know that of the class of twenty-six, ten represent Utah, six Idaho, three Wyoming, one Nevada, one California, two Arizona and three the province of Alberta, Canada. From this interesting and interested group came many ideas, experiences, and questions of importance pertaining to general and local problems. Special lectures gave us some very enlightening data as to some of the causes of social evils and information as to how many of them might be entirely eliminated.

The visits to the various public institutions showed the need of greater facilities and more educational and preventive work.

The suffering, the loneliness, the desire for something more than that expressed within four walls brought forth the comment that a worth while life to be fully lived and appreciated must be touched on all sides with all kinds of human make up, conditions, circumstances and environments.

The processes, by which these adjustments to changing conditions should be made so that the client will feel a sense of security, a freedom from worry and distress, and, eventually, get back to normal life, were emphasized by each and every instructor of the course.

If each student can in some measure present the work to the stake or community in which she is asked to serve, in the same logical, concise, interesting and inspirational way that it was presented to her, then the institute has been worth while.

A Night for Births

By Helen Kimball Orgill

ALBERTA was in the grip of a December blizzard. Great flurries of snowflakes hurled themselves straight from the frozen north, piling higher and higher in snowdrifts, scattered here and there across the prairies.

Piney Ridge Ranch stood upon the crest of a hill overlooking a rich valley where hundreds of fat cattle grazed.

A former eccentric owner had planted scores of pine trees round about the farm buildings. Hence the name, "Piney Ridge."

The buildings consisted of a few rambling barns and stables, bunk house with dining room and cook's quarters attached, and the foreman's cottage. Apart from these stood the modern dwelling of the young owner, Bradley King.

He had come with his bride intending merely to spend a day there enroute from their honeymoon on the coast to their home in Winnepeg. But he found conditions at the ranch demanded his presence. Two of the riders had "quit" at Christmas time and it was found impossible to get others. The cattle had to be "worked over," in other words, the weak must be separated from the strong to receive extra feed and protection from the growing fury of the storm.

Bradley King had cast off his tailored clothes and donned the buckskin lined apparel of the prairie and gone at the work with a will, for it was a matter of life and death with his stock.

In this tussle, the young bride was left largely to herself.

The last afternoon of the year was slowly waning. Becoming weary of reading and listening to Victrola music, she who had but recently been Stella Demorest, society's beautiful favorite, stood at the window of her richly furnished home. She was irritated and deeply disappointed. Irritated that he who had so recently been her devoted lover could so soon show signs of being neglectful; disappointed for looking at her wrist watch she visualized the doings at home. The luncheon was over. They were about leaving for the box party at the opera (it was to have been

in her honor) Then would follow the dinner dance.

Seng, the Jap man of all work, came in. "Wait for Mr. Bradley or eat now?"

"O, I might as well have dinner now. No telling when he'll be here."

So with no appetite whatever she sat down to a well prepared meal, which she scarcely tasted.

Her self-centered, pleasure seeking nature resented anything that tended to thwart her desires. There had come the thought of calling on the foreman's wife, but it was quickly dismissed for she felt in no mood to meet one so crude as this woman undoubtedly would be, although Bradley had always praised both her and her husband.

Stella was just finishing the repast when a rap came at the dining room door.

Seng opened it letting in the driving snow as he did so.

A boy of perhaps ten appeared all muffled till his features could scarcely be seen. But immediately he doffed his cap and Stella was struck with the wistful expression in his large brown eyes.

"What is it, sonny?" she asked not unkindly.

"Mrs. King," he began, "my mother is sick and would like to have you come over."

"You're one of the little Redmond boys I suppose."

"Yes ma'am."

"Go and tell your mother I'll be over."

"If you want me to, I'll wait and show you the best way around the drifts. I've brought a lantern."

"In just a moment." She went to her room, soon appearing clad in costly furs.

"It's a terrible night. I wonder how the men stand it."

"O, they get used to it," cheerfully volunteered the boy.

After a little skirmishing among great piles of snow they came to the little white cottage occupied by the Redmonds.

The door opened into the living room, dimly lighted by the reflection from the adjoining bedroom into which Stella was ushered. At one appraising glance she detected that the place was neat and cheery, possessing that "homey" atmosphere which her own rooms lacked.

Seated beside a blazing grate fire sat a pleasant little woman possessing a certain quaint refinement in her very appearance.

"You may go to bed now, Johnnie dear. Sit down, Mrs. King," motioning to a comfortable rocker. Not waiting for any preliminaries she began:

"I didn't want to bother you, but I had to. I'm expecting a new arrival tonight."

"A what " Stella hoped she had misconstrued the woman's meaning and tried to hide her growing consternation.

"I was to have gone to town, but the children were so long getting over the measles. I have three boys. I just couldn't leave them, but even then I thought I'd have plenty of time. Jim went for the doctor several hours ago, but with the increasing intensity of the storm and the way I have felt the last half hour I'm quite certain they won't make it."

Stella doubted if any one could travel in such a night but wisely veiled her thoughts.

"Of course, I understand, Mrs. Redmond. I'm the only woman here so you have sent for me."

"Yes."

"I know no more than a child

about caring for you. Perhaps you can tell me something."

"Yes, and I can help you, too," she answered almost cheerfully.

Stella was amazed at the courage and grit manifested.

"I have everything in readiness. My own belongings are in the middle drawer of the dresser. The baby's immediate needs are in the drawer beneath. Over in the clothes closet—"

Here a paroxysm of pain silenced her, but she finished the instructions later.

So, these two, though so different in nature and worldly station, went down into the valley together. Stella could not sense the pain of physical travail, but during these hours, the travail of her own soul was such that she felt eligible to tread the pathway through the shadows with this brave, plucky little woman. During this time she learned the secret of human relationships — a sympathetic understanding of another's ills.

She knew without being told that the mother was repaid in full when a bouncing baby girl was placed beside her.

"O, Mrs. King, it's too good to be true. How we have wanted a girl. It's our first, you know."

"Bradley had come a time or two but she calmly directed him to go home for awhile. There was a malicious twinkle in her eyes as she murmured, "It's your turn to wait now, dearie."

A little past midnight a loud stamping of feet was heard on the veranda and Jim Redmond, the doctor, and a nurse entered.

It was evident at one glance that Jim had "lived a lifetime" in the hours since leaving home. Fearfully he studied Stella's countenance as she stood before them. Her reassuring smile caused a deep sigh to escape as he breathed, "Thank God."

Half an hour later Bradley came again and together they set out homeward. "Well, well, quite a night for births," he began. "Right along with the new year comes a fine little girl."

"There's one birth more, you've omitted."

He gazed questioningly at her.

"The birth of my better self."

"That is hardly true, Stella dear. Your better self always existed. It just took this experience to bring it out. I knew it was there when I married you."

"Well, have it your own way, but it was so deeply hidden that I didn't know it existed."

"And do you know I have gained an ambition also?"

"What is it, sweetheart? I know you'll win whatever you set out for."

"Well, I'd give all earthly possessions to know and feel the supreme joy that gleamed from that noble woman's eyes as I brought her her sweet little white clad daughter.

"O you darling," Bradley cried joyfully.

Louise

By Annie D. Palmer

II

THERE was unrest in the big brown house that night as well as in the shabby apartment where Louise shared the room with Aunt Mandy. Mrs. Arlington had told her husband of the strange woman who had come and claimed their Jewell as her own; and they talked about the possibility of losing her, long after they had retired for the night. They even looked up the adoption papers and the release which the mother had signed before the babe was born. They recalled how ill the child was when it came to them—a wee starved mite of a baby—mostly eyes—with a scar where a dimple should have been. And nights and days they had watched when the helpless little one moaned with pain or breathed so faintly they had thought it dying. That was four years ago. Now Jewell was rosy and well and beautiful. So beautiful she seemed to them, that they could not think of an angel as being more wondrously fair. And they had taught her baby songs and Mother Goose rhymes, and showered her with all the love their years of childlessness had garnered. Before going to bed they knelt by her crib to pray that she would not be taken from them. Instead they prayed:

"Father in heaven, let the right prevail; and help us to understand and be satisfied."

LOUISE reached Aunt Mandy's apartment excited and joyful. She had stopped to look at many shop windows in the down-town district, and had finally spent her last half dollar for a pair of blue socks for the baby. When she reached the door she held these aloft proudly and then folding her arms about them, danced wildly about the room.

"She's found! She's found! My Jewell's found!" she kept repeating "I shall begin to live now—and to work. Oh, I am so happy! It is as I told you. Her eyes are glorious. And I knew her at once by the darling dimple. Aren't these socks cunning?"

"But how do you know she needs socks?" asked practical Aunt Mandy.

"I had to get her something, and I didn't have enough money for a dress or coat," explained Louise.

"Well, I raised my thirteen without no silly stuff like that. Goodness knows ef I'd gone in fer that kind of frumpery fer the kids their dad would a had to wear patches on his Sunday pants. We counted it mighty lucky ourn was mostly boys an' didn't need much but overhalls. Them's boy's socks, haint they?"

"Why sure not, Aunt Mandy."

"Well, I dunno as it makes much difference. Girls' legs is quite a bit like boys' legs anyway, an' some of 'em can get as dirty. I think it's a lot less trouble to keep 'em covered; but of course it's cheaper to let their knees git some of the holes in. Where is your Jewell?"

"In a big brown house on Thirty-third Street, with a fine lady that thinks she can keep her."

"A rich home, hey? I expect they'll offer you a lot of money fer her."

"If they'd offer me the treasures of all the world, I'd keep my baby."

"It's goin' to mean a lot of sacrifice—"

"And a lot of love. Love and smiles and baby kisses, my baby kisses."

A few days later it was decided in court. With so much tenderness and pride in the home of the Arlingtons, and so much love and longing in the heart of Louise, it was obvious that somebody's heart must be broken; and onlookers predicted it would be the mother's. So often it is the poor who suffer. But the judge was very human; and disregarding the advantages of wealth, education, social standing, and probably better training, he gave the verdict in favor of mother love. So Jewell left the beautiful home of plenty and of culture to live in poverty with Louise.

Children adapt easily to conditions; and in a few weeks the winsome baby was joyous and happy. All day she amused herself about the dingy room when Aunt Mandy was there. When Aunt Mandy had work, Jewell was equally happy at the Neighborhood House.

"Whose girl is you?" Aunt Mandy would ask a dozen times a day and Jewell would answer:

"My a-dore-bul muvver's."

"Where is your muvver?"

"Workin' fer us dinner, an' fings."

"And what will she bring fer dinner?"

"Oh, dough-nuts an' candy an' playfings."

In the evening when they all sat close around the fire, Aunt Mandy would repeat the cute things the child had learned to say; and after they had gone to bed Louise and her child would talk in undertones:

"Been good all day, honey?"

"Sure."

"Took good care of dolly and Aunt Mandy?"

"Sure. An' Aunt Mandy pank me."

"What did she spank you for?"

"Ist nuffen. Muvver if she pank me more I'll tell my a-dore-bul daddy, won't I?"

"Hush, dear."

"Muvver, where is my a-dore-bul daddy?"

"He went away, darling."

"He's a mean old daddy, ain't he?"

"You must not talk that way."

"Daddy Lington is a good daddy. Muvver do you love Daddy Lington?"

"No, I don't love Daddy Lington, because he took my baby from me."

"Which baby?"

In this way the conversation would go on until the brain of Louise would be sorely vexed with the train of thought set up by the chatter of her child. But always the thought that sang itself into her heart and brought rest and peace was the same:

"Jewell is mine. She is mine with all her love, with all her smiles, with all her baby sweetness. How I adore her!"

Thus they lived. The girl mother had never a thought that was not connected with her baby. She enjoyed her tiresome toil, because Jewell must be fed. She walked to save carfare, and bought the family of dolls for her baby. And she went without lunches to buy a doll buggy that was broken in an hour.

Thus weeks went by and it was Christmas time. Louise became thoughtful. Perhaps it was the Christmas Spirit, perhaps only the development of a stronger mother love. At any rate a mighty struggle claimed her, which a series of incidents helped her to decide. As

they sat at dinner one evening, a girl friend opened the conversation:

"What-da-ya-know? S p o o k y's called me down fer swearin'! Fine Guy, I'll say!"

"I don't blame him, Bee," answered Louise, "Your language ain't—"

"Now don't spill it. What is it to him? Last week he give me the high hat about smokin' an' now it's speech. If he's so high an' mighty, I can't keep in his dust nohow."

"I don't blame him at all," argued Louise. "I'd want the mother of my kids to have culture, too."

"Say listen. When did you decide that way?"

"Not so long ago. But it sure makes a lot of difference in a girl's chances."

"Oh! Better git your brat from this joint, then."

Louise did not reply, but she thought a great deal. A few days later there was a party at the Neighborhood House for its patrons and beneficiaries. Because Jewell had been cared for there while her mother worked, Louise was a guest. A bevy of school girls entertained. In the songs they sang, in the games they played, in the music and the dance, the young woman saw education, culture, refinement, grace, that she had longed for and had never reached. She felt shy and timid because of her poverty, and yet more backward and helpless because of her ignorance. In the beauty of this Christmas party she saw herself, and compared herself, and dreamed of her child following after her because of the poverty that held her. And Jewell had entered the world of culture, of harmony, of beauty. And she, the mother, had selfishly snatched her from it all to place her in a hovel. What had she to give the child in return? Well, she had love—and—*and*—*AND*. It ended there, where it must always end.

"I suppose the party was terrible nice," Aunt Mandy suggested next morning at breakfast.

"Yes," sullenly.

"Did you have a good time?"

"No," decidedly.

"Why not?"

A long pause during which Louise bit her lip and batted her eyes.

"It's no use, Aunt Mandy," explosively. "J e w e l l c a n't e v e r amount to anything with what I can do for her. A kid can't be raised decent on nothin' but ash heaps. It can't be done."

"Oh, well, kids without dads, an' things, hain't supposed—"

"My kid has a dad," angrily.

"Maybe she has an' maybe she hain't. Leastwise he hain't in sight, an' you are *Miss* Norris."

"Aunt Mandy, you have no right to insult me by insinuating—" Louise buried her face in her apron and sobbed bitterly.

"Poor girl. Forgive me. I oughtn't to say nothin'. Of course Jewell hain't just like a real bastard seein' as how you thought you was married."

"Jewell shall not suffer for my mistake. I was selfish to bring her here—to this poverty—to this life. It has all been a mistake—a cruel, selfish mistake, because of my love. How could I think to sacrifice my baby, to wreck her life for my own happiness. How could I!"

"Louise, forgive me," pleaded Aunt Mandy.

"Forgive you, yes. You have opened my eyes to my sin and folly. If the best friend I have can feel as you do, how must the others feel, who neither know me nor care?"

"What does it matter, my dear, about the others?"

"Nothing—for me. Everything

—for her. For the sake of having her with me, I could endure the most wretched poverty, the most shameful disgrace, the most torturing pain. I would die rather than part with her."

"Yes, dear. I know."

"But for her happiness and welfare—I shall return her—to the kind people—who can give—what she needs—and has a right to have."

"Louise, are you crazy?"

"Not now. But I am determined. Aunt Mandy, please do not try to stop me. Help. Oh, help me to give her up!"

That night Louise held her baby so close in her arms that their heartbeats seemed to merge into a single pulsation.

"You love me much, don't you muvver?" the child murmured half asleep. And the mother silently prayed for strength, or for death.

* * * *

In a beautiful chamber, in which a big vase of roses shed their fragrance, Dr. Ashton sat by the bedside of his wife fondly stroking her hands.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she murmured softly.

"Yes, dear, it is. But you must close your eyes and rest," he answered.

"I can't close my eyes. If I close my eyes it seems as though some one might take my baby away."

"Poor little mother! Can't you trust me to watch?"

"Always. I can love and trust you always. I hope our baby will be honorable and trustworthy like you."

"And I hope he will be unselfish and brave like you."

"But I am not brave. I—"

"Dearest, you made the biggest sacrifice within human power to make two years ago, when you sent little Jewell back to my sister's home. Before that I had heard of you as Jewell's mother. When they told me what you did in the interest of your child, I counted you the bravest little mother in the world. From that time I knew I should never cease to love you."

"It is like a happy dream. You are so splendid. And to think that you care for me like that. And that you are here, and love our baby, too."

"The Lord is good."

"I did not know the Lord, really, until you taught me; nor anything much for that matter."

"Except honor, sweetheart. Do you know what day this is?"

"Oh, is it Christmas Day?"

"Almost. Our baby is a Christmas gift."

"Thanks, dear Lord, for the dearest treasure you could send to me. Thanks, thanks." The white hands were folded on the woman's breast. The father's head bowed reverently while the mother prayed.

"Dr. Ashton, I have orders that my patient is to rest."

The suggestion of the nurse reminded the happy father that his wife did, indeed, need rest. He looked again admiringly at the babe and kissed the cheek of Louise softly. The chimes in the tower tolled midnight.

"A happy Christmas, little mother," he said fervently; and Louise answered:

"My cup of joy is full."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! There's an optimistic sound in the good old phrase—like sunshine bursting through a cloud, like dew drops glistening on a faded leaf, like smiles shining through tears in a little child's eyes. It means a lot, this pleasant phrase—hope and faith and courage for the coming days. It speaks of joy, not fear in anticipation. Again and again, A Happy New Year.

MRS. HATTIE CARAWAY, Senator from Arkansas finds herself very much at home in the United States Senate. Mrs. Caraway was the close adviser of her husband on all important matters during his incumbency as Senator, and is well posted on political questions, a popular speaker before women's clubs and well qualified for political office. Once before a woman, Mrs. Felton, "Georgia's Grand Old Lady", occupied a seat in the Senate by appointment for one day. The Senate has long been held as man's last political stronghold. Now that the barriers are down other states may find their daughters just as capable for the honors of the senatorial toga as their sons.

THE House with the Green Shutters. Such is the designation of the home of Mary Roberts Rinehart The house in its beautiful setting on Massachusetts Avenue in the Nation's Capitol is one of the points of interest to the passerby among the many lovely homes along that historic street, lined as it is with the magnificent homes of foreign ambassadors.

Mrs. Rinehart is one woman who has satisfactorily proven that a smart woman can successfully combine a career and motherhood. The popularity of her stories, short and long, is far exceeded by the popularity of her own personality. Neither her work nor the many social requirements made upon her has overshadowed the delight of her beautiful home life.

DORIS STEVENS of Woman's party fame has been nominated for membership in the American Institute of International Law. Miss Stevens is the first woman ever named for the international juridicial body which numbers five persons from each of the 21 American republics. She is the chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women.

AMERICAN BEAUTY" is the title of Edna Ferber's latest novel and while some critics think it, as well as "Show Boat" and "Cimarron," were just written for the pictures, such an authority as Dr. Phelps says it is a novel of high distinction.

A NOVEL in verse is the latest effort of Alice Duer Miller. It is tragic and thrilling. The idea of story telling in verse while not new is in this day unusual. The story is called "Forsaking All Others".

SHORTER hours and better pay for women are advocated by Mary Anderson, Chief of the Federal Woman's Bureau, as an investment for national prosperity.

Notes to the Field

Over the Top

WE congratulate the following wards for going over the top in the Magazine Subscription drive.

Stake	*Ward*	*Enrollment*	*No. of Subscriptions*
Big Horn	Worland (Branch)	27	30
Box Elder	2nd Ward	85	85
Eastern States Mission	Newark Branch	32	32
Ensign	12-13th	85	86
Ensign	20th	103	105
Juarez	Garcia	19	22
Maricopa	Phoenix 2nd	72	80
Palmyra	Leland	37	37
Uintah	Davis	38	38

We think this is a very fine showing, and hearty congratulations go to these enterprising Relief Society women. Certificates of merit have been sent to these successful workers.

This is just the beginning of a very splendid record we know will be made.

Music for Patriotic Programs

Many celebrities have been born in the month of February. The one to whom we wish to give special tribute this year, however, is that of our first president—George Washington. In remembrance of this day, February 22nd, patriotic programs will be prepared. With this thought in view the following list of national and patriotic songs is suggested. From these songs the choristers and organists can choose in making up the program for this occasion.

1. America.
2. America the Beautiful.
3. The Star-Spangled Banner.
4. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
5. Yankee Doodle.
6. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
7. Battle Hymn of the Republic.
8. The Flag Without a Stain.
9. The Battle Cry of Freedom.
10. Dixie Land.

Magazine Agents

When a subscription is renewed, give the name exactly as it appeared on the previous subscription. Be sure to state with which number of the Magazine the subscriber wishes to begin the renewal. This will avoid duplications. If the agent will fill the stub attached to each receipt, she will have a record to refer to and can help to eliminate extra work and expense, as well as dissatisfaction among the subscribers.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

From the number of poems submitted this year it would indicate that interest grows with the years. Last year there were 77 poems submitted, this year 104. The judges

were Miss Myrtle Austin of the English Department of the University of Utah; Professor Harrison Merrill, Editor of the *Era;* and Mrs. Kate M. Barker, of the General Board of Relief Society.

The winner of the first prize is Rosannah Cannon of Salt Lake City for "Pioneer Woman". The second prize is awarded to Beatrice K. Ekman, of Salt Lake City, for "Autumn".

Honorable mention is given to Phyllis Hodgson Holbrook, of Price, Utah, for "My Beloved"; to Claire Stewart Boyer, of Salt Lake City, for "Happening"; and to Alice M. Smock, of Twin Falls ,Idaho, for "Grandmother's Quilts".

The judges were unanimous in their decision of the prize winning poems. We congratulate the winners and the sisters who submitted so many fine poems.

An Ever Present Friend

Are you reading and enjoying and profiting by reading the Handbook? It should be an ever present friend in time of perplexity. When you don't know what to do go to the Handbook and see what instructions it has for you.

Notes from the Field

Granite Stake:

Through the combined efforts of Stake and Ward officers, the Relief Society of Granite Stake is now operating a Service Shop at 1080 East Twenty-first South St., Salt Lake City. The shop is the outgrowth of a suggestion from local presidents who felt that an interchange of articles would be most appreciated by those in direct need of clothing. this will eliminate embarassment and, being centrally located in the southeast business district is easy of access. The shop is operated for the benefit of the unemployed and unfortunate of the Stake.

The shop will be operated by the Ward Relief Societies under the direction of the Stake board, in rotation, each ward serving one week at a time, and in order for the needy to obtain service it is necessary for them to procure a recommend from the Ward Relief Society president.

Voluntary contributions are requested of the people of the Stake not only of things they have no need of, but also of anything they can spare in the way of clothing, dishes, furniture, etc. It is hoped that through this shop the Relief Society will give better service than ever before.

Rigby Stake:

ON August 25, 1931, the Rigby stake Relief Society held a successful Teachers' Convention, with 301 teachers, officers and members present. A splendid program was enjoyed. The presidents of the Idaho Falls stake Relief Society, and the Fremont stake Relief Society, our neighboring stakes, participated in the program. Luncheon was served, and the afternoon was spent in viewing the art exhibit, as each ward had a booth with a display of the beautiful articles made in the Work and Business meetings, and choice flowers were exhibited also. One ward in the stake has had 100% teaching for ten years, and two wards have had nearly as good a record. During the vacation several of the wards canned fruits and vegeetables to be given for charity during the winter.

Conventions and Conferences

General Board members visited Relief Society stake conventions and conferences, which were held in the stakes during 1931, as follows:

Alberta—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Alpine—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
Bannock—Mrs. Mary C. Kimball.
Bear Lake—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Bear River—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
Beaver—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
Benson—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
Big Horn—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Blackfoot—Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker.
Blaine—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
Boise—Mrs. Mary C. Kimball.
Box Elder—Mrs. Mary C. Kimball.
Burley—Mrs. Kate M. Barker.
Cache—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Carbon—Mrs. Mary C. Kimball.
Cassia—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Cottonwood—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Curlew—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
Deseret—Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker.
Duchesne—Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker.
East Jordan—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, Mrs. Mary C. Kimball.
Emery—Mrs. Kate M. Barker.
Ensign—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
Franklin—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Fremont—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Garfield—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Granite—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund; Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Grant—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Gunnison—Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker.
Hollywood—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Hyrum—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Idaho—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Idaho Falls—Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker.
Juab—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Juarez—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Kanab—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
Kolob—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Lehi—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Lethbridge—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Liberty—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Logan—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
Lost River—Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.
Los Angeles—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Lyman—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
Malad—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Maricopa—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Millard—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Minidoka—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Moapa—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Montpelier—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Morgan—Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.
Moroni—Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.
Mount Ogden—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Nebo—Mrs. Kate M. Barker.
Nevada—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
North Davis—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
North Sanpete—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
North Sevier—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
North Weber—Mrs. Mary C. Kimball.
Ogden—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Oneida—Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker.
Oquirrh—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Palmyra—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
Panguitch—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
Parowan—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
Pioneer—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Pocatello—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
Portneuf—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Raft River— Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Rigby—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Roosevelt—Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.
St. George—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
St. Johns—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
St. Joseph—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Salt Lake—Mrs. Ida Peterson Beal.
San Francisco—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
San Juan—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
San Luis—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Sevier—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Sharon—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Shelley—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Snowflake—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
South Davis—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
South Sanpete—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
South Sevier—Mrs. Inez K. Allen.
Star Valley—Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.
Summit—Mrs. Kate M. Barker.
Taylor—Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.
Teton—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
Timpanogas—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter.
Tintic—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Tooele—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Twin Falls—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Uintah—Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Union—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Utah—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
Wasatch—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Wayne—Mrs. Kate M. Barker.
Weber—Mrs. Marcia K. Howells.
West Jordan—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Woodruff—Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood.
Yellowstone—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Young—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Zion Park—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XIX JANUARY, 1932 No. 1

EDITORIAL

Farewell and Welcome

FAREWELL to the old! Welcome to the new! 1931 has been a year that has tried men's souls: poverty has stalked where plenty dwelt before; distress of mind has agitated people and they have not known which way to turn. Financially speaking, everything that could be shaken has been shaken. Men's hearts have failed them for fear of what the future may bring. We hope that the bottom of the depression has been reached and that we are beginning the up-grade climb.

Taking stock is always illuminating, as the loss or gain is shown. Those who considered the present and possible future effects of this period have drawn some deductions that are worth careful consideration. Some have suffered keenly because they would not let their need be known. Others have known plenty such as they have never known before, demanding this and that because they have known of the largesse of the people. Some have lost their morale and have slipped into untidy, careless ways, appearing dirty and unkempt. Many, it is feared, have become pauperized and will, after normal conditions have returned, desire to receive charity, having lost the zest for work.

Many have learned a valuable lesson, realizing that it is incumbent upon all to save in time of plenty for the inevitable day of need.

People generally have been roused to the need of action. They have realized, perhaps as never before, that they are their brother's keeper.

Money, clothing, food, have been given lavishly. Many well-intentioned individuals have really hindered constructive work by insisting on doing things in an outgrown way. Indeed, social workers say the question now is to keep many people from doing the wrong thing, although the kindness of heart shown in the donations made cannot be questioned. Agencies have worked as never before to relieve distress and keep up the morale of the unemployed.

It is an achievement to get people thinking deeply. Many are thinking constructively, and there will be some helpful changes come out of this experience. Many methods of procedure have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Remedies have been suggested and doubtless changes will come along many lines as a result of the experiences of the last two years. People have learned to make more sound evaluations of what is worthwhile. When Alfred Russell Wallace, on his ninety-second birthday, was asked, "What is wrong with the world?" he replied, "This is the fundamental weakness: our knowledge, our science has outstripped our moral development. We have become possessed of greater forces than we are morally fit to use. We have not sufficient self-control or good-will to use these gigantic physical energies for the well being of mankind and are daily turning them into weapons of self-destruction." Present conditions are giving pause to weigh our moral development and our scientific achievement. Perhaps during these trying times our moral development will be accelerated and we will learn how to use to better advantage the forces at command. It is likely that many are learning self-control and good-will and will be better able to use the "gigantic physical energies" available "for the well being of mankind."

We deeply appreciate the remarkable work our organization has done to meet this emergency. Many have devoted one or more days a week to sewing. Thousands of quilts and articles of clothing have been made and distributed. Thousands of quarts of fruit have been bottled, ready for the winter's needs. Everything that our women could do they have willingly done to relieve suffering and procure work and to minister to the needy. They have known the joy that comes from work well done.

President Charles W. Nibley

WHEN President Charles W. Nibley died the Church lost one of its most worthy sons. He was an outstanding character, honored and loved by all who knew him. He combined the intrepid spirit of the pioneer with the culture of today. He was widely read and his sermons were enriched by thoughts and quotations from the great writers. He put first things first. The gospel of Jesus Christ had his unwavering allegiance. To it he gave full-hearted support in the days of his poverty and in the days of his affluence.

During the period when he was Presiding Bishop of the Church, the executive officers of the Relief Society had intimate contact with him. They found him always courteous, understanding, and kind. Many loving memories are cherished by them of the meetings held with him, the

advice he gave, and the consideration he accorded them.

His loss will be keenly felt but the work that he has done will live after him. He has made a place for himself in the history of the Church that time will not dim.

Dr. Robert H. Bradford

DR. ROBERT H. BRADFORD, husband of our board member, Nettie D. Bradford, has finished his work here and has been called Home. He is widely known through his educational work and Church service. For thirty-six years he was connected with the University of Utah, having served as professor of metallurgy since 1903. A few months ago he completed a text book on the "Metallurgy of Copper" and dedicated it to his wife in loving appreciation of her help and devotion to him.

He served as bishop of Center Ward for years, and later was a member of the High Council of Salt Lake Stake. Later, he took up Sunday School work in Liberty Stake.

The devotion of his wife was complete. She was ever constant, cheerful, thoughtful, and attentive to his every need. He won the admiration of those who knew him because of his cheerfulness, optimism and patience during his long illness. Our hearts have gone out in sympathy to him and his loved ones during the period of his sickness. May peace come to his family and may they find joy in contemplating his virtues and his useful life.

A Record-Breaker

WORD comes to us through our agent, Mrs. Dora Johnson, that Sister Annie Jackson, president of the Relief Society of Davis Ward, Uintah Stake, has given each member of her organization, for a Christmas present, a year's subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine*. We have never heard of one person paying for so many subscriptions to our magazine before—thirty-eight! Sister Jackson's heart must be in the work and her love for her members could be shown in no more beautiful way. We deeply appreciate her support. She has set a pace it will be hard to equal, but many might follow in her wake.

Do Not Waste Time

THERE are so many worth while subjects to be discussed, so many problems to be considered that can be solved that we marvel that so many men and women waste their time in idle speculation regarding things that cannot be clarified and about which they know little or nothing. Many stay away from classes because of this wandering into unknowable fields who would attend if subjects that are helpful were discussed and if the teachers saw to it that the lessons were followed and the time not occupied by those who like to go off on tangents and speculate on things no one knows anything about.

Lesson Department

(First Week in March)

Theology and Testimony

Select Readings: Alma, chapters 5-9 inclusive. Make notes of doctrines taught.

First Aids to Goodness

Having seen what the Nephite Record has to say about the immortality of the soul—a new aspect—we have now to ask what are its teachings concerning the duties and obligations of man here and now.

This longer view of the life of man, of which we spoke in the last lesson, should exert a wholesome effect on human conduct in those who accept it. A clear view of the end from the beginning, in any sphere of life, helps in the proper adjustment of the details. The more clearly, for instance, a young man or a young woman sees ahead, the better he or she is able to plan for the future. There is no doubt about that. It is the same with life as a whole. The longer view is always helpful.

One of the fundamental principles operative in the life of the Nephites, individual and social, is that man is free to choose his course in life; and their leaders saw to it that there was no interference with this freedom. All through the *Book of Mormon* runs this thought like a golden thread. Here are some of the most striking passages on this freedom of choice:

"Men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. They are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself.

"And now I would that ye should look to the great Mediator, and hearken unto his great commandments; and be faithful unto his words, and choose eternal life, according to the will of his Holy Spirit; and not choose eternal death, according to the will of the flesh and the evil which is therein, which giveth the spirit of the devil power to captivate, to bring you down to hell, that he may reign over you in his own kingdom." (Lehi in II Nephi, 2:27-29.)

"God granteth unto men according to their desire, whether it be unto death or unto life; he allotteth unto men according to their wills, whether they be unto salvation or unto destruction. Good and evil have come before all men; he that knoweth not good from evil is blameless; but he that knoweth good and evil, to him it is given according to his desires, whether he desireth good or evil, life or death, joy or remorse of conscience." (Alma 29:4-5.)

"Whosoever will come may come and partake of the waters of life freely; and whosoever will not come the same is not compelled to come; but in the last day it shall be restored unto him according to his deeds." (Alma 42:27.)

"And now remember, remember, my brethren, that whosoever perisheth, perisheth unto himself; whosoever doeth iniquity, doeth it unto himself; for ye are free; ye are permitted to act for yourselves; God hath given unto you a knowledge and he hath made you free. He hath given unto you that ye might know good from evil, and he hath given unto you that ye might choose life or death. Ye can do good and be restored unto that which is good, or have that which is good restored unto you; or ye can do evil, and have that which is evil restored unto you." (Samuel, in Helaman, 14:30, 31.)

Lehi was the first of the Nephite prophets; Alma's life fell in the first century before Christ; Samuel, the Lamanite prophet, lived a few years before the Crucifixion. These men, and others living in between them, all through the thousand years of Nephite history taught the principle of human free agency, with a clearness and force which we do not find among any other religious people. It was the ruling idea in the life of that nation.

But how did the principle work itself out among the Nephites? For very often, in the history of the world, nations have had a higher ideal of individual freedom than their practice of it would indicate.

Perhaps the best single instance of the principle of free agency in the Nephite nation is to be found in the political action of King Mosiah. The account of this reformation of the government and the granting of greater political liberty to the people is in chapters twenty-eight and twenty-nine of Mosiah.

Here are the remarkable facts in the case:

Mosiah's sons, having been converted to the church through a miracle, decline to succeed their father in the rule of the nation, each in turn, beginning with the eldest. This is an unusual situation. The king begins to think—not about what is best for himself, but what is best for his people. If some one else should become king and if afterwards one of the sons should change his mind on the point of the kingship, there would most probably be civil war, in which much blood would be shed. For Mosiah has no illusions about human nature and youthful ambition.

So he decides upon an extraordinary thing. He will change the form of the government. He will create a sort of republic. Accordingly, he sets a time for an election by the people. A chief judge and minor judges are to be chosen by them. Heretofore, it would seem, the people had had no part in the government.

This was an epochal event in the history of the Nephites. The manner in which this change was received by the nation is told us in this significant passage: "Therefore they relinquished their desires for a king, and became exceedingly anxious that *every man should have an equal chance throughout all the land;* yea, *every man expressed a willingness to answer for his own sins.* They were exceedingly rejoiced because of the liberty which had been granted unto them."

From this time on it was "the voice of the people" that prevailed among the Nephites. Sometimes this voice was loud for iniquity and political sin, but often it was as loud for righteousness, individual and national. But of this responsibility Mosiah had forewarned the nation at the time of the alteration in the government. His views on this point have already been quoted as one of the literary gems in the Book of Mormon.

In the time of Alma the Younger, as will be remembered, Amlici endeavored to restore the kingdom, with himself as king. The matter was submitted to the people at an election, and their "voice" was against him. This was the first test of the wisdom of Mosiah in giving the people the right of suffrage. (Alma 2:2-7)

During the life-time of Moroni, the military chieftain, it was put to an even severer test, when Amalackiah sought to lead away the people. In this case, as we are told, the Nephite Patrick Henry roused

enough men to rout the ambitious dissenter, who escaped to the Lamanites. (Alma, chapter 46)

The Nephite nation having been granted a full measure of personal liberty, the leaders of that people did not consider that the average man among them was left to himself in the matter of choice, whether in matters of governmental concerns or in religion. For there was the Holy Spirit, to which every man was entitled as a guide to his conscience.

As early as the time of the First Nephi we find the idea announced. "Repent ye, repent ye, and be baptized in the name of my Beloved Son. And also the voice of the Son, saying: He that is baptized in my name, to him will the Father give the Holy Ghost, like unto me. Wherefore, follow me, and do the things ye have seen me do." (II Nephi 31:11, 12)

What is this Spirit supposed to do?

In the first place, it sanctifies. Says Alma the Younger: "Now they, after being sanctified by the Holy Ghost, having their garments made white, being pure and spotless before God, could not look upon sin save it were with abhorrence."

In the second place, it gives power of utterance. In the case of the brothers Lehi and Nephi (Helaman, 5:44, 45), the time they were in prison, the Holy Ghost enabled them to speak divine words: "They were encircled about; they were as if in the midst of flaming fire, yet it did harm them not, neither did it take hold upon the walls of the prison; and they were filled with joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. And, behold, the Holy Spirit of God did come down from heaven, and did enter into their hearts, and they were filled as if with fire, and they could speak forth marvelous words."

In the third place, the Holy Ghost testifies of God and the Christ. Jesus says (III Nephi 28:11): "And the Holy Ghost beareth record of the Father and me; and the Father giveth the Holy Ghost unto the children of men, because of me." Not only does it bear witness of God and of Christ, however, but it becomes a means of testing truth. Moroni, the last of the Nephites, makes this assertion in these words: "And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things." (Moroni, 10:6)

In the fourth place, the Holy Ghost manifests itself through certain gifts. Says Moroni (10:8-18):

"Deny not the gifts of God, for they are many; and they come from the same God. And there are different ways that these gifts are administered; but it is the same God who worketh all in all; and they are given by the manifestations of the Spirit of God unto men, to profit them.

"To one is given by the Spirit of God, that he may teach the word of wisdom; to another, that he may teach the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another, exceeding great faith; to another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another, that he may work mighty miracles; to another, that he may prophecy concerning all things; to another, the beholding of angels and ministering spirits; to another, all kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of languages and of divers kinds of tongues.

"All these gifts come by the Spirit of Christ; and they come unto every man severally, according as he will. And I would exhort you, my beloved brethren, that ye remember that every good gift cometh from Christ."

Concerning this Spirit of Christ it may be further said that often people are influenced by it without any knowledge of the fact by them.

This is clear from what Jesus himself says: He told the Nephites (III Nephi, 20:27): "In thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed—unto the pouring out of the Holy Ghost through me upon the Gentiles, which blessing upon the Gentiles shall make them mighty above all, unto the scattering of my people, O house of Israel." This is the way in which the *Book of Mormon* represents the promise as having been made to Abraham.

With this spiritual power, then, the Nephites could have (1) purification of spirit, (2) a means of utterance not otherwise obtainable, (3) a knowledge of God and of Christ to be got in no other way, and (4) some very definite gifts of the spirit. What more could any one ask than to be free to make his own choice, to begin with, and then to be guided in the exercise of his freedom, if he so desired, by a divine power, so that he would have no mental or moral confusion, but ample light to see his way? Surely the two ways were magnificently open to the Nephites, and they could well be held accountable for their choice.

A word must be added here concerning the idea of obedience to God, of which the *Book of Mormon* is full.

This notion is repugnant to the "modern mind." It is much scorned by the man who is accustomed to going his own way and gait, politically, morally, and religiously—the man, that is, who makes a boast of traveling by his own light. Very likely, though, such a person is thinking of the idea in terms of the priest-ridden period of the Middle Ages, when the clergy told the people what to do in religion and saw to it that they did it. But such was not the thought of the Nephite leaders at any time.

The high conception the Nephite leaders had of free agency implies that the free agent has a knowledge of the two ways of life. As a matter of fact, these leaders saw to it that the people were taught the principles of true spiritual growth. Lehi, Nephi, Benjamin, Mosiah, the two Almas, Helaman, the later Lehi and Nephi, Mormon, and Moroni—all these prophets and others spent their lives endeavoring to spread a knowledge of the gospel among their people. That was done so that the people might have light to choose the right from the wrong. And then there was the guidance of the Holy Ghost, to which all members of the Church, both before and after Christ, were entitled. How is it possible that any obedience which the Nephites might give to the commandments of God through the priests could be of the sort which is called "blind"?

According to the Nephite philosophy of life, obedience of some sort there must be of necessity—obedience to the principle of good or obedience to the principle of evil. There was no getting around that. There is the power of God, on the one hand, and there is the power of the devil, on the other hand. And the only question of a free agent is, To which of these powers shall I give my allegiance? The prophets believed that, if one knew the two powers and if one opened his mind and his heart to the guiding influence of the divine Spirit, he would obey God rather than Satan; and it would not be "blind" obedience, either, but just as intelligent as any decision which can be made in matters that are wholly material.

Here, then, is a sort of life-

philosophy: (1) A will that is free to choose its way in life, as free at least as is consistent with things as they are; (2) a knowledge of the two ways in life that one may take, the one leading to God and immortality and the other leading to ultimate destruction; and (3) an unlimited fund of power waiting ready to be tapped by any one that earnestly seeks to see his way clearly and to secure strength to follow it to the end.

Questions

1. State the doctrine of the *Book of Mormon* concerning free agency. What ideas may be added to this doctrine from other sources? Discriminate carefully between the two. To what extent is the will really free, when we consider heredity and environment? Do we act in daily life on the assumption that we are free or that we are not free to choose? Explain.

2. How may we know which of the two ways of life we ought to choose? In what ways does the Holy Ghost manifest itself? Read section 9, of the *Doctrine and Covenants,* with particular reference to verses 8 and 9, with a view to seeing whether there is not here a key to the solution of every problem by which we may be confronted.

3. What is meant by "blind" obedience? In what way may blind obedience be changed into intelligent obedience? Should we obey God whether or not we understand? Why? Is there an analogy between our relationship to God, so far as this point is concerned, and the relationship of our children to us? Explain.

Teachers' Topic

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5

Text: "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven:

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."—Luke 6:36-38.

Jesus recognized the universality of sin. He understood the human tendency of man to criticize and find fault with others, at the same time disregarding his own shortcomings. In the chapter from which our text is taken, He goes on to say, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

Jesus seldom spoke with severity; but with kindly advice, and above all by a glorious example, He taught His lesson of charity and understanding. In this chapter He particularly urges the necessity of over-

coming one's own defects before trying to correct the faults of others. He calls attention to the fact that in judging we are apt to misjudge. He said, "For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!"—Luke 7:33-34.

"Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."—John 7:24.

Throughout all the Gospels this is one of the outstanding themes. It is one of the foundation stones of Christianity. The Savior spoke of it repeatedly. He constantly told of the love and mercy of the Father. He exemplified it in His own life. One cannot imagine the Redeemer of the world spending His precious time in idle chatter about the trivial faults of others. His criticisms were always constructive, given in the spirit of helpfulness and love. That strange alchemy of the soul which we call character building is constantly at work, transmuting all the baser qualities into that wondrous power of love, or developing the opposing force which destroys the soul that gave it birth. Jesus said, "For every tree is known by his own fruit: for of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes."—Luke 6:44.

Love will not grow from jealousy and hate. Thorns cannot bring forth figs, nor a bramble bush grapes. A bitter, envious, fault-finding tongue is the result of—or will inevitably result in—a bitter, thorny, bramble bush soul. Love alone can change it, love of justice, love of humanity, love of Jesus.

Jesus was aware of the frailties of His people. He also recognized their ability to overcome all things. Otherwise He would not have given the admonition which is a challenge to the soul of everyone who believes in Him, "Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

Literature

(Third Week in March)

The Short Story in America

Note to Teachers: The Short Story in America will be treated in four lessons, 1. Washington Irving to and including Bret Harte; 2. Writers of the later nineteenth and of the twentieth century; 3. The Short Story today; 4. Short story writers of the Church.

In the early part of her history America was too concerned with her own troubles; too much engrossed in founding homes in new lands; and too interested in robust living to develop intellectually. The first fiction writers might have been living in England, their style, their thoughts, and even their subject matter was so similar. America as a source of material for writers was still to be discovered.

It was James Fennimore Cooper who made the discovery. His "Last of the Mohicans", "The Spy", and other Natty Bumpo stories are still read today and European boys and girls who come to America in our own times are disappointed because they do not see the Cooper Indians stalking through forests. Cooper, however, gave most of his talent to the novel.

Contemporary with Cooper was

Washington Irving, born in New York City in 1783, the year of the British occupation. Irving belonged to a well-to-do family and he did not have a strong urge to work. Still he had the urge to write. His literary career began with a burlesque history of New York, supposedly written by one Diedrich Knickerbocker. Today most Americans know of the book, but all of us have read "Rip Van Winkle" and "Ichabod Crane". (This later story, incidentally, made the school master of America such a sorry figure of a man that the profession still suffers in 1932 from Irving's ridicule.

Irving was blessed with a touch of fantasy, a pleasing humor, with sensitiveness and graciousness, and these qualities are as vivid in his writings now as they were in the eighteen hundreds. Men, before him, wrote stories, but they are all forgotten and Irving lives His genius won immediate recognition at home; Europe soon claimed him. When he visited England he wrote of English scenery and subjects with the same deft style and humor. He was equally at home in Spain. Indeed, his stories of the Alhambra won him the Spanish consulship. In spite of his intense nationality, he was cosmopolitan in point of view and in experiences.

With the exception of these two men, American writers were not recognized abroad. There were several very good reasons for this. English books and English stories poured into America because of the lax copyright laws, and even the few people seriously interested in writing were not given a fair chance. But the American spirit noted always for its ingenuity and its vitality, could not be held down for long. Writers soon began expressing themselves in a new form, as characteristic of the country then as it is today. They wrote short stories.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in 1804 and Edgar Allen Poe in 1809, gave a new and original kind of story to America and in time to the world. Other American writers were interested primarily in what happened to people on the outside. These two men were concerned in the mental and spiritual adventures of men.

Hawthorne's deep interest lay in the souls of men and in conflicts of character—which is about the same thing. He was a descendant of the Puritans. It was his grandfather who had been cursed at Salem during the witchcraft trials and the story had a profound effect upon young Nathaniel. From the time Hawthorne was about twelve years he deliberately sought a life of solitude so that he might write. His style is excellent, beautiful in words and in rhythm, and entirely by himself he developed a special art of short story writing. It had most of the things we demand in a story today—brevity, unity of impression, fantasy, and often a touch of humor. Sometimes he failed in the quick climax, but for the most part his stories are masterpieces of the art. What they lacked in vigor and cheer they made up in style and content.

It is interesting to note that Hawthorne, still one of our greatest, did not win real fame until he was well in his middle years. He had his strugggle with poverty and discouragement. But even in the worst times, he had a faithful audience of one. That audience was his wife. There is a story current today that one time Hawthorne came home determined to give up any attempts

at writing and to find some way of making a safe living for his family. He told his wife that he no longer had any money, even for their simple needs, and she replied by throwing open a drawer partly filled with money she had saved. After the "Scarlet Letter" he was able to live comfortably and well. In our times his writings are as popular, perhaps, as they were in his own. It would be hard to find a child who does not know the story of "The Great Stone Face."

Poe, said by many, to be America's greatest man of genius, was born in Boston and left an orphan in his infancy. As yet there is no more romantic figure in American literature than this man. Every few years some author produces an essay or a book which he believes will make clear the real Poe. But if this has ever been done, it is lost in the legends of Poe's memory. The later writers regard him more kindly and are more apt to take the attitude that Poe, handicapped by his sensitiveness, his introspection, and his lofty ideas of art, did better than could be expected.

In Poe, who was also a great poet and critic, the short story reached perfection in form. His rules for this form of art, which he deduced from his own writings and those of Hawthorne, are still the accepted ones; they are the precepts that have largely shaped the modern short story. The most famous of Poe's tales are those of horror and of mystery. In the later he is unique. Few men of any nation have an intellect so highly developed in pure reason. There was one thing he did not attempt. He could not portray character. His writings could have their settings in almost any country and his characters exist only for the purpose of the plot.

All his life Poe struggled with poverty. He wrote his first story, "Ms. Found in a Bottle" for a contest sponsored by a Baltimore paper, and the hundred dollars he received was the largest sum he was every paid for a piece of writing. Today writers with only a slight trace of his genius receive ten times that amount. It was in journalism that Poe eked out a meager living. He was proud to a degree hard for most of us to understand, and he was confident that his works would receive immortal fame So sure was he of that fame that he made no compromises.

After Hawthorne and Poe the short story in America languished for many years. People wrote, to be sure, and many women wrote stories full of morals for the growing women readers. Whole books could be written about these writers who wrote for the new women's magazines and did so much to shape feminine tastes and thought in America during the nineteenth century, but there is no time for them here. We can only note that there were no men of sufficient talent to really profit by the work of the masters. A few writers came close to it, but it was not until the time of Bret Harte that the short story came into its own. Some one may object to this and want to include Mark Twain. Twain is our most original writer, but he was little concerned with short stories and made no definite contribution.

Bret Harte was an eastern boy, who by some trick of fate, came to the west coast and in time exploited the California of the gold days for the benefit of eastern readers. He might have been a great

genius, but his later writings fell short of his first ones. He has, however, a definite and high place in American letters. He is the father of the short story in America of more modern times. To the technique of Poe and Hawthorne he added local color, a deft handling of characters, and a more characteristic American humor. One of his stories has been selected for this month's lesson.

Bret Harte

The American frontier had one of its last great chroniclers in Bret Harte. His fame is closely connected with early California. There are some who say that his pictures of those days are not true ones, but they are the pictures accepted by the world, and it is doubtful if they will ever be supplanted. Harte wrote at a time when the frontier was in the process of transformation, when the memory of the forty-niners was still vivid in America. He spoke with authority, and later writers must rely on story and documents.

Strangely Harte could not write of anything save California life. When he tried other subjects, his pen lost its magic. At one time he was inspired by two visions, one to record the gold days of California, and the second to bring back to life the California of the Spanish, of the Missions, the Fathers, the ranchos, and the leisurely ways of living. The first he accomplished in part, the second he only half started.

Bret Harte was not a true Californian. He was born August 25, 1839 in Albany, New York, the son of a professor of Greek. As a child he was delicate, and with his mother's aid, he successfully evaded an education. He was, however, a great reader, and Dickens, from whom he learned much of sentimental writing and characterization, was his favorite.

When he was eleven, he wrote a poem and had it published. And his strange parents instead of praising it, pointed out all its bad features, telling him he could never be a poet. He was completely discouraged for years, but the instinct kept cropping out and he wrote bad verse off and on through his life.

In 1856, when he was seventeen, he came to California, followed soon by his widowed mother. At that time he had no definite purpose except that he wanted to make a living and California was a place of romance and promise. There is no record that he actually tried mining, but he was a messenger for the Adams Express, a prescription clerk and a printer, in addition to various other trades. He knew the frontier life intimately, the gamblers, the miners, the Chinese, the waterfront, and the early life of the villages.

While he was working in the composing room of the Golden Era he wrote his first story, "Mliss". It lead to his securing a place in the office of the General Surveyor at San Francisco and to his marriage with Miss Anna Griswold. Later he was made secretary to the Superintendent of the Mint, a position that left him with much time for writing. Joaquin Miller, who was a great admirer of Harte, wrote of him at this time:

"I found a spare, slim young man in a chip hat and a summer dress of the neatest and nattiest cut, who took me cordially into his confidence at once. I liked his low voice, his quiet, earnest, and unaffected manner from the first. He had neat editorial rooms where he made me welcome, although he was then engaged as Secretary of the Mint * * * I think he was the cleanest man I ever

saw. He was always as clean, modest, and graceful of speech as a girl."

"The Overland Monthly" was started in 1868 and Harte was chosen editor. His intention was to write a story of California life for the first issue. Something kept him from getting it ready and it came out in the second number. When it went into the type room the typesetter refused to let it advance further than the proof sheets. Among other reasons he declared it as not fit copy for his proof reader to see. She was a young and innocent girl and the man felt he must protect her. The story was "The Luck of Roaring Camp", and Harte, being editor, had the last word. He declared that it was not indecent and that it would be printed. The world has since verified his decision. But California thought otherwise. The citizens of the young state were largely Puritan descendants, and they took their civilizing process very seriously. Not only did they consider the subject unfit, but they said Harte was not true in his picture. "The Luck" was the story of the reformation of a camp by the birth of a baby, and right in San Francisco that very year one thousand children had marched in a parade, each one carrying a flower.

The east was not so troubled. They took "The Luck" and its author to their hearts and demanded more. The stories that followed were read by everyone, men, women and children. They cried over his sentimental parts, laughed at his humor, thrilled with his stories of the adventuresome California days, and talked about his characters. In time the east that had sent him out unknown, demanded his return, and he was only too happy to obey the command.

His way back was one long ovation. But once away from hills of California and the blue Pacific, his magic touch left him. He wrote much because his way of living demanded that he have large sums of money. When his writings were receiving little attention he turned to lecturing of the gold days. Finally he was given a government post in a little German town. This he did not care for and friends used influence to get him transferred to Scotland. When he left America, much of his zest for life was gone and he developed an attitude that the world owed him a living. Europe revived him for awhile with its welcoming praise and his translations heaped in shop windows. He wrote himself dry of California tales and then wrote on. Once he attempted to attain his second vision, that of writing of the Spanish days in California.

There is considerable mystery attached to his later years. He did not return to America and he seemed to be estranged from his wife and family. But when he died in Surrey May 5, 1902, they were with him.

Gilbert Chesterton, the English critic, once wrote that Harte of all the men of letters had discovered the intense sensibility of the primitive man, that this unlettered person, so much misunderstood and belittled by writers, was highly sentimental and religious, and that while it is rare to find a thoroughly good man, Harte discovered that it is rare, almost to the point of monstrosity, to find a man who does not either desire to be one or imagine that he is one already.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat"

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" needs little explaining or studying; it has only to be read to be enjoyed

and understood. It is one of Harte's best stories both from the points of view of local color and interpretation of human emotions. The plot is simple: One of California's mining towns in the days of the Vigilance Committees decides to reform itself. The immediate urge is the loss of much money through gambling and two horses through thievery. Along with the gambler and the thief the citizens expell two other undesirable characters, women who are typical of mining towns. The company, since they can not leave separately, travel together. Poker Flat, from where they are outcasts ,is in the foothills, and they decide to go higher up in the Sierras to a town as yet untouched by law, Sandy Bar. On the way they stop to drink, though the gambler, who, true to his type, does not drink, reminds them that they have a good distance to go and that winter can be expected any day. While they are waiting, two young people join them, a boy and a girl coming from Sandy Bar to Poker Flat to be married. During the night the old thief steals away with the horses and the wind brings a heavy snow, which does not cease. As a last resort the gambler has the boy brave death in an effort to bring help. After the boy goes, the gambler, too much of a coward to see the others suffer, kills himself.

There are six characters in the story, all of whom have achieved immortality. Oakhurst, the Duchess, Mother Simpson have all come to be symbols of their tribe, and names of Uncle Billy, Piney, and her lover are known all over the world. The story is California's own—the mining town introducing law and order, the cowardly, the brave, and the loose characters from all over America and the world, the dry foothills, and the high Sierras.

It is said of Harte that he does not know how to make his characters grow, that they are in no way affected by the conflicts in the story. Oakhurst, who was given a chance to reach sublime heights, is the same when he dies at the foot of the pine tree as when he left Poker Flat. He is clear headed, willing to help, cool in the face of danger, but incapable of real leadership or great moral bravery. The Duchess and Mother Simpson do not change. One might argue that Mother Simpson did since she starved herself for Piney, but that instance cannot be cited for growth. Women of her kind are notoriously kind to the underdogs of life and to those in extreme need. And Uncle Billy was exactly the same kind of coward and thief. Character growth is one thing Harte did not learn from Dickens. Some objection might be raised to Harte's having Piney unable to pray. Piney was young, pure, and God-fearing, and probably of Puritant descent. In real life she could have prayed, but for artistic purposes it is better that she could not.

In giving the story to the class the enjoyment of it is the primary thing.

Questions

Which do you think the more important in this story, character or plot? Which character is the most vividly drawn? With which do you sympathize the most? Do any of the characters show growth? Is this a strong or weak point for Harte? Harte has been charged with being overly sentimental. Are there any grounds for this charge? Using this story as a basis for your answer, tell what contributions he made to the short story as a form

of art? Why is he called the father of the short story? Account for Bret Harte's sudden and overwhelming popularity. (There are many reasons for this) Why did he fail as a writer after he left California? Why was Harte fitted to picture California of the early days? Why did California reject Bret Harte and the east welcome him? Name other writings of Bret Harte. Why could not this story have been written outside California? Give instances in this story to support Harte's belief that all men and women contain much good. What things, or what characteristics of American life and American spirit made it possible for the short story to be developed independently?

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

PERSONALITY STUDY: SOUND AND FRUITFUL THINKING

(Based on Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior," pp. 184-200)

"Real thinking is rare and difficult and * * * needs every incentive in the face of innumerable, ancient, and inherent discouragements and impediments," says James Harvey Robinson in his stimulating book, *Mind in the Making*. It is our privilege again to consider the important problem of sound and fruitful thinking. There is always a need for a better understanding of the various aspects of this problem. Furthermore if Professor Robinson is right in the above statement, we should do what we can to remove some of the impediments and discouragements which beset the way of those who might more frequently do real thinking. This lesson is designed to make a few contributions to help us along these lines.

When we become aware of a problematic situation which demands a solution we may adopt either one of two very different ways of making the adjustment that seems necessary. We may employ the method of seeking a solution by means of motor or muscular activity or we may start what the psychologist calls an *ideational* quest for a solution. In general, the first method is what we call learning by doing or learning by experience and the other method is often designated (sometimes disparagingly) as the planning, or the antecedent theoretical work, The first is the method of learning by "hard knocks" and is used almost altogether by animals which probably make little if any use of ideas.

While under some circumstances this method may possess certain advantages, yet it scarcely deserves the praise it often gets from many as being the "practical" method. On the other hand we show very little understanding of the ideational or thinking method if we dont' recognize that it is frequently characterized by a good deal of "trial and error" procedure. The fact is that these two methods are very much alike in most respects. The example of trying to solve an ordinary mechanical puzzle by the two ways will help bring this out. When we use the motor or muscular activity method (sometimes called the "practical" method) we handle the material twisting and pulling in a more or less random fashion while we notice

by means of our senses how each thing we do turns out. If the planning or thinking method (often called the theoretical method) is tried as occasionally it is, we refrain from much outward or observable activity and proceed to analyze the problematic situation by careful observation and by inferring what would take place in case this or that thing were done. We see that in the one method we get the solution mainly by using movements and in the other by using ideas. But in both cases we begin with a felt difficulty or perlexing situation and then use a procedure which is "variable, persistent, and analytical". The solution in both cases is more or less accidentally discovered. Finally the process of mastering the solution for possible future use is undertaken. In both cases this involves a sufficient number of repeated trials to establish the adequate response.

We have been considering certain contrasts and similarities of the motor and rather simple ideational solutions to everyday problems because it is hoped that this will help us to better appreciate the nature and advantages of the thinking process. It is obvious no doubt that the using of ideas—the mental substitutes for movements and things that can be immediately perceived —is closely related to the process of careful and systematic thinking sometimes designated by the term reasoning. It is not our desire to have you decide that one of the two methods we are considering is better in all cases than the other for each has its advantages and disadvantages.

The motor method must necessarily be employed by young children before they have many ideas. Frequently the nature of problems confronting adults (choosing between two paths in a region strange to them) is such that even they lack the experiences to furnish the basis of relevant and helpful ideas. In the case of rather complicated problematic situations (playing chess or designing a practical dirigible balloon) it is quite necessary to engage in not a little overt performance as an aid to our mental analysis. Then, too, the motor method often helps a baffled thinker by indicating good clues with which to renew the ideational attack.

The method of reasoning has a number of important advantages. (1) It may save us from actual danger and harm which would surely threaten many times if the motor method were depended upon instead. (2) It generally saves both time and energy. (3) In industrial and building situations it generally results in the economizing of expensive materials. (4) Solutions reached by reasoning are frequently more satisfactory because they are made in the light of wider knowledge and experience since we may even profit by the experiences of others who may be remote from us in both time and place and yet whose communicated and socially tested ideas are highly relevant in relation to many of our particular problems. (5) Again, reasoning is not limited to the solution of problems immediately before one, but can be used very widely. We can even cross bridges before we get to them, which by the way is not always a bad thing. We, of course, are willing to yield that unnecessary worrying should be avoided. But let us not call ourselves rational beings if we content ourselves too much with adjusting to each new situation as it arises without making suitable provisions to meet a good many of the urgent needs that are sure to call

for solution in the future. (6) In closing this enumeration we may observe that reasoning is necessarily involved in the solution of the abstract and conceptual problems of science and philosophy.

Thus we see that each method has its proper place and that for the best results it is often necessary for the one method to supplement the other. For those of us who may be inclined to over-rate and over-use the motor method for fear of being called theoretical it might be well to read carefully the following statements from Professor Bobbitt:

"The planning, the antecedent performance of the task, is * * * the most important part of it. But it cannot have vitality * * * unless it is an organic portion of a total act of which the outward performance is but the culminating portion."

Let us now turn our attention more particularly to another important phase of our lesson problem, that of the circumstances under which thinking may be expected to take place, or how thinking may be stimulated.

Practically all who have gone into this carefully are agreed, as we have stated above, that thinking never takes place unless we are brought more or less face to face with some crisis or problematic situation. For example, Strayer and Norsworthy say that thinking is engaged in "only when the response is inadequate, when no satisfactory response is forthcoming—only when there is something problematic in the situation." John Dewey says, "The origin of thinking is some perplexity, confusion, or doubt." Swift has the following to say on this question, "If everything ran smoothly there would be no thinking. Like everything else, thinking requires a cause, which in this case is trouble. Doubt, perplexity, uncertainty ,an obstacle in the way of what we want to do—all are different names for troubles that interfere with our activities, physical or mental. * * * The recognition of trouble * * * is * * * the incentive to thinking."

Of course as we indicated in the first part of this discussion we do not necessarily think—much less think straight, when confronted with a problematic situation. In fact, we more frequently engage in less difficult procedures. On account of real thinking being as Dewey says, troublesome and painful—involving disagreeable mental suspense—we are much inclined to get along somehow with a minimum of careful, systematic thinking.

This being true, the teacher or leader who wishes to encourage thinking on the part of others tries to create the kind of situations which are favorable to the initiation of this process. Sometimes he may seem even ruthless in knocking out the "props" from under certain generalizations and in verbally shutting off the possibility of the easy recovery of a satisfying equilibrium until a little thinking has been done. At the risk of being misunderstood by the ever near "heresy hunters" and even by some of his friends, he seems at times to actually foster a mental attitude akin to doubting. He knows that sound and fruitful thinking is worthwhile, but that it will not arise spontaneously without the people concerned first being placed at least temporarily in a mental attitude more or less equivalent to a doubt or rather serious perplexity.

Space permits but a very brief mention of a few other things which favor the occurrence of the thinking process. Teachers who wish to have

their students do a good deal of real thinking steadfastly refuse to do an undue amount of thinking for them no matter how strong the temptation may be. They avoid presenting material to them with the attitude of dogmatic finality. They try to cultivate a wholesome intellectual curiosity and also try to discipline the students in the habit of perseverance at more or less difficult tasks. They gradually train the students to preserve a tentative attitude toward knowledge and insist that the statements of generalizations be made cautiously and in the light of actual *evidences* —not as the result of mere wishes. We can no doubt see how in due time, with such training, thinking will become less troublesome and painful and as the student learns how to carry on the process systematically avoiding the numerous pitfalls he may voluntarily choose to think when he is not actually forced into it by some natural or artificially made severe crisis.

In the above discussion we have tried not to duplicate the *Magazine* lesson on "straight thinking" published last February. It will be well to again read this former lesson as a valuable supplement to the present one. Especially if we need to improve our notions of what constitutes sound and fruitful thinking as contrasted with mere rationalization, or if we cannot readily recognize a dozen or more common pitfalls of thinking we should read not less than the middle four pages of this former lesson printed in the *Magazine*.

The important thing is to actually gain better permanent control over ourselves and over those we would help in relation to genuine fruitful thinking.

A Few Possible Problems for Class Discussion

1. Discuss briefly each of the following phrases selected from our textbook: "uncritical receptiveness", "essence of science", "insidious art of self-deception", "a make-believe reason", "superficial training of youthful immaturity", "the issue is fundamental", "the great hope".

2. Tell of one of the last times you engaged in some real thinking.. How long ago was this and what sort of situation stimulated the real thinking? With you, would you be willing to say that this kind of thinking is "rare and difficult"?

3. Describe a frequently met with counterfeit type of thinking. How are you able to identify it as not "real thinking"?

4. Point out several contrasts and similarities between the motor and the ideational methods of solving problems. What are some of the advantages and disadvantages of each method?

5. Explain the statements quoted in the lesson from Professor Bobbitt.

6. Joseph Smith is recorded as having said, "I want the liberty of thinking and believing as I please. It feels so good not to be trammeled." (See History of the Church, Vol. V ,p. 340) To what extent is it your conviction that people in a democracy should be untrammeled in their thinking?

7. What are some of the best means you know of to use in order to successfully stimulate more worthwhile thinking? What cautions would you observe in relation to their use, especially with immature people?

8. Discuss the problem outlined in connection with last year's lesson on "Straight Thinking" which you

think best supplements the present lesson as here outlined.

9. Comment on the following interesting discussion of the "Fine Art of Doubt" by Glenn Frank:*

"Now and then I receive letters from anxious parents expressing fear that their sons and daughters may become infected with doubt in the class rooms and laboratories of the university.

"They fear that their sons and daughters may find themselves cut adrift from their religious moorings.

"We need, I think, to remember that the will to doubt and the will to believe are companion habits of the mind and that neither is essentially more religious or less religious than the other.

"That these two wills are of equal respectability is obvious when we watch the will to doubt at work in the field of science.

"All of modern science has its origin in the will to doubt.

"And yet the doubt of the scientist is in itself a superior kind of faith, for it combines an unwillingness to accept the unproved with a willingness to adventure into the unknown. * * *

"The will to doubt is the God-given faculty by which we protect ourselves against spiritual fraud.

"It is only when it is perverted that it leads to spiritual famine."

*Permission to make this extensive quotation has been obtained from The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

MRS. IDA V. LITSTER OF CLEVELAND, UTAH WITH HER NINE DAUGHTERS. MRS. LITSTER ALSO HAS THREE SONS

Innocent Sufferers

By Emma Mosheer

WE have heard on many occasions of the ill effects tobacco has on the user. May I put in a word for the non-user?

Some smokers are considerate of others, but a vast number, through their carelessness and disregard of others have contributed to tobacco-poisoning of innocent victims, mostly women and children. We cite one case out of many where a girl was a physical wreck for many years, suffering first from the father's smoking and after his death from the brother's, even worse, for the father had used a pipe and the brother a multitude of cigarettes. For many years she went from home to hospital, where she would invariably improve after a few weeks, only to be ill again after returning home. She, like many others, was suffering from chronic tobacco poisoning.

Probably many a child is delicate and sickly only because of tobacco smoke in the home. Those little ones who are fortunate enough to be taken away from such a home atmosphere soon begin to look much better.

No normal father is so indifferent that he would knowingly do anything to his children that would prevent them from enjoying robust health, but through ignorance the health of many women and children is being sacrificed at the altar of a father's habit.

In many offices workers are suffering from headaches daily, due to association with smoking co-workers. However, there is a ray of hope for betterment in the future. In the U. S. Senate no one is permitted to smoke while in session, nor is smoking allowed in some of the largest medical schools during classes.

A great deal could be said about the economic side of tobaccoism. For instance, if a man used two five-cent cigars a day, he would spend $36.50 a year, or in ten years $365.00. Just think what one could do nowadays with this amount.

It is harder to break a habit than to form one, so perhaps more good could be accomplished if the young people were taught in time to prevent them from forming wrong habits.

The Lord has put the responsibility of training the children on the parents. True, all auxiliary organizations are helps, but they are not as responsible as the parents are. Many fathers have church duties besides the day work; mothers also have home, church and social duties, but no matter how urgent these are, the Lord does not release parents from this sacred duty of teaching the children both by example and precept.

I often think of King Benjamin and Alma, what a hard time they must have had in trying to keep their children on the right path. I hardly think they neglected the training even though they had other duties; maybe that was the reason the Lord came to their assistance in giving the boys a demonstration of his power. I am sure the Lord is willing to help parents now if they do all they can first.

The Lord wants a valiant people, not cowards, but brave people to carry on the work. It is easy enough to swim with the stream, but he is the one I would admire who has the courage to stand aloof, apart if you please, who has stamina, character, manhood, or womanhood to stand true to his conviction, to the gospel, even when multitudes deride.

For the New Year

By Georgiana Angell Millett

Peace, turbulent soul!
A New Year begins.
I would world-strife subdue;
So be we resolved—
('Tis not too late,
While yet there's breath of life)
To bow our heads,
At morning's glow,
Before day's cares begin,
And set our hearts,
In tune with God:
"Save now our souls from sin."
And then again at even-tide,
May we, on bended knee,
Give *thanks* to him
For life and love:
"Help! that we greater be."

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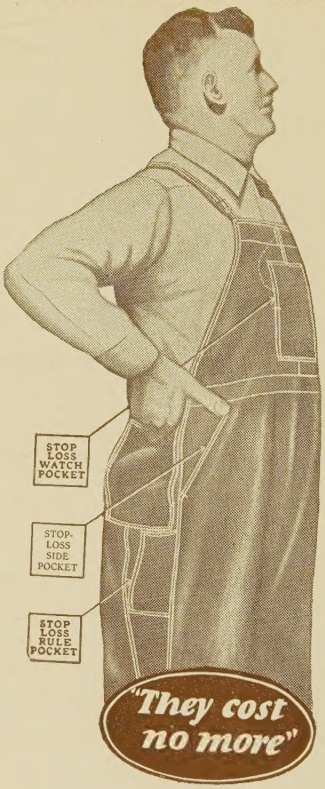

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